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GEORGE HAY FORBES

A ROMANCE IN SCHOLARSHIP

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A Romance in Scholarship

BY

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To

WALTER JOHN FRANCIS

EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE, K.T.

WHOSE LIFE IS AN INSPIRATION TO ALL THE
LOYALTIES OF CHURCH AND STATE
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

PREFATORY NOTE

I AM indebted to the Forbes Trustees for their approval in publishing this book. I desire also to thank the following: the Countess de l'Espinasse for the portrait and for much useful information; Miss Isabel C. Grieve for generous work during a period of more than two years; my colleague, the Rev. B. R. Brasnett, B.D., for revising the proofs, and my former pupil, the Rev. W. D. Cooper, B.D., for reading the manuscript.

W. P.

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GEORGE HAY FORBES

CHAPTER I

Introductory

There have been at all times heroes of the study as well as of the camp. But few have earned this title with such gallantry as the subject of this biography. Rarely, if ever, in history has the triumph of mind over body been more signally demonstrated than by George Hay Forbes, who before he was twenty years of age dedicated his powers to the pursuit of learning in the face of disabilities that might have caused the stoutest heart to shrink. At the age of three he lost the power of his limbs, and in spite of the best medical skill both at home and abroad he never was able to put his feet to the ground. From the knees downward he was completely paralysed, so that he could move, out of doors, only on crutches, and in his study by means of a chair, on which, with much ingenuity, he could painfully propel himself by inches from one side of the room to the other. Nor was this his only handicap. His bodily deformity enfeebled his whole constitution, his lungs were weak, and he suffered severely from bronchial affections.

Yet this man travelled extensively in France, Italy and Spain ; spending days of laborious study in the libraries of Paris, Rome, Grenoble, Venice and Toledo, as well as in Oxford, Edinburgh and Glasgow ; carried on a large correspondence with friends in more than one language, and became in one field of research, that of liturgies, one of the greatest scholars not only of his day but of all time.

Let the reader into whose hands this volume may fall

ponder the verdict upon Forbes' work, pronounced in 1920 by a Roman Catholic scholar of eminence :

> Finally, and before all, our fellow countryman G. H. Forbes, whose liturgical work, carried out in conditions of great difficulty in an obscure place near Edinburgh, simple and modest as is its appearance, seems to me to rank in quality and value with the work of the three or four sommités—Cassander, the pioneer, Bona, Tommasi, Mabillon.[1]

Mr. Bishop was probably quite ignorant of the actual conditions under which Forbes' researches were made and his books written. Had he known what this book purposes to relate, he would have expressed his eulogy of the scholar in language even stronger than that which we have quoted. It is indeed not too much to say that the life of George Hay Forbes is at once a romance in scholarship and a martyrdom in the pursuit of truth.

A year or two ago there were discovered in the basement of Edinburgh Theological College two chests crammed with papers preserved after his death. As I turned over these pathetic relics of a scholar's life, many of them closely written on the backs of envelopes and receipted bills, pasted together to form long strips for the press, I seemed to have entered the workshop of the true scholar. I could almost see him day after day going line by line through the Gallican liturgies, or the writings of St. Gregory of Nyssa, searching contemporary documents for purposes of comparison and exposition, often thrilled by the scholar's find of a manuscript, or of an allusion or emendation that blew the dust of obscurity from the face of truth. And all this minute work, carried on under physical conditions that made him utterly dependent on others even for the use of a book in his study. Yet no letter of his contains a single expression of impatience or complaint. Far from murmuring at the limits which were imposed on his singularly ardent spirit, George Forbes was a man of great sweetness of temper, cheerfulness, and good humour.

It may be said that only those who suffer moderately

[1] E. Bishop, *Historia Liturgica*, p. ix.

find in adversity a serious obstacle to faith. Those whose wounds are deep and slow to heal learn from their misfortunes the need of dependence on God. This was certainly the experience of George Forbes. Had he been as other men he would certainly have proved a striking figure in public life ; for he shared with his brother, the Bishop of Brechin, a deep sense of social and civil responsibility, while rivalling him in breadth of outlook and outstripping him in scholarship. But George accepted the small place that God had given him in the Church, along with the limitations of physique that were his lot, and was thankful, when the duties of his small cure were done, to serve the Church with his pen.

Though his fame rests mainly on the liturgical work that he accomplished, his interests were by no means confined to one field of study. The fact is that he had too many interests. Had he concentrated on fewer subjects, he would have left behind him more work of permanent value. His physical condition was no doubt the cause of a certain amount of dissipated energy. Confined as he was, except for a daily drive, to his study all day and living more or less a life of seclusion, his mind sought distraction and change in a great variety of interests. Doctrine, Scriptural exegesis, apologetics, economics, as well as liturgies—on all these subjects he not only read widely but could also write with the precision of independent knowledge. He established and worked his own private press ; he published a monthly magazine for several years ; he took a keen interest in the affairs of the town in which he lived, serving for a term on its Town Council as Provost. Had he been able like other men to enjoy the pleasures of social life and recreation, he would have found more than enough to occupy his mind in pure scholarship. But cut off as he was from physical exercise of any sort, he would have been more than human, had he not sought variety in intellectual pursuits. It was for this reason that he left so much of his work in an unfinished state. It was easy for his friends to urge him to go on with this or that undertaking, begging him not to dissipate his energies. The counsel was a counsel of perfection, unattainable for

a man labouring under the disability of a cripple and an invalid. Yet in his short life of fifty-four years he produced more original work even than his contemporaries Dr. Pusey and Cardinal Newman who lived thirty years longer.

George Forbes, however, was no mere scholar. He was a devoted parish priest who gave of his best to the small flock in Burntisland committed to his charge. Every day he taught the children in his day school. Every Sunday he conducted three services and preached twice, and every day at seven in the morning he spent an hour in private devotion. George Forbes was a saint as well as a scholar ; he had learned from his study of the Fathers that spiritual illumination was a necessary element in sacred learning ; and in all his writings he never forgot the principle that when the mind has done its work, truth, to become warm and living, must pass through the fire of the spirit.

CHAPTER II

Beginnings

I

George Hay Forbes was born in Edinburgh on May 4, 1821, the ninth of a family which consisted of three sons and seven daughters. Few men have had as distinguished an ancestry as his. Both on his father's and on his mother's side he was linked with some of the greatest names in Scottish history. The genealogy of the family, from its founder, the first Baron, Sir Alexander de Forbes (1440), may be studied in elaborate tables published in a volume by his elder brother, Alexander, Bishop of Brechin, who, like George, was justly proud of his lineage. In the family tree are to be seen names as famous as those of the Earls of Angus, Haddington, Mar, Crauford, Lord Elphinstone, Viscount Arbuthnot, Lord Pitsligo, Sir John Hay, and Skene of Rubislaw. Were it not that heredity is a baffling and incalculable factor in human life, one might be tempted, with an abundance of material, to embark upon a survey of all the ancestral influences that were in greater or less degree exhibited in the extraordinary genius of George Forbes. This, however, would be a dull and tedious undertaking. Let it suffice to consider the strength and the persistence of Church tradition in the Forbes family.

To begin with, the first baronet, William Forbes, from whom George Forbes was directly descended, received his title in 1626 from that royal churchman, Charles I, whom he served with a zeal born of sympathy with the king's Church principles. Seventy years later this tradition in the family was strengthened by an alliance with the fourth Lord Pitsligo, whose sister

married a son of the fourth baronet. For the memory of this saintly nobleman, who had in his early life been a friend of the French mystic, Bishop Fénelon, both George Forbes and his father entertained the deepest respect. A churchman and a Jacobite on principle, and a saint by the grace of God, Lord Pitsligo had a most adventurous career, which is related in a volume written anonymously by George's father, and containing in the edition of 1854 an interesting review by Sir Walter Scott, a firm friend and admirer of the family. A fine picture of Lord Pitsligo is drawn by Miss Winifred Duke in her recent novel entitled *Scotland's Heir*, in which the charity, simplicity and high principle of the old soldier and saint stand out in striking contrast with the jealousy, selfishness and folly displayed by the counsellors of the 'bonnie prince.'

Later, the Forbes family seems to have lost something of its enthusiasm for the Church, but in the person of John Hay Forbes, the sixth baronet (the most loyal friend of Sir Walter Scott), and his second son, the fire kindled again. Sir Walter Scott felt the glow of this zeal for the Church, when he read the memoir of Lord Pitsligo and was able to infer that the anonymous author, Lord Medwyn, was 'a member of the ancient but poor and suffering Episcopal Church.' This was the father of George Hay Forbes. Educated for the Scottish Bar, John Hay Forbes rose rapidly in his profession and became a judge in 1825, when he took the title of Lord Medwyn from a small estate in Peebleshire which he purchased in 1812.

II

These were the days when the Scottish Episcopal Church depended more upon the leadership and ability of the laity than upon the efficiency of the clergy. From early manhood till his death in 1854 Lord Medwyn laboured unceasingly to rescue the Church from the miserable condition brought about, first, by its disestablishment in 1689, and then by its persecution after the rising of 1745. Quaint, yet touching to read, are the letters to Lord Medwyn from men like the saintly

Bishop Jolly acknowledging the remittances of small sums of money from the Episcopal Fund of which he was one of the most active trustees. Here is one from Bishop Jolly, dated October 23, 1812, when Lord Medwyn was still a young Advocate practising his profession under his own name in Edinburgh.

My dear Sir,

I am honoured and gratified in a high degree by your most obliging and kind epistolary favour, accompanying Dr. Beattie's greatly esteemed Essays : and, as gratitude cannot easily submit to silence or delay of acknowledgment, I must presume upon your forgiveness of my expressing by the speediest conveyance my very warm and sincerely grateful thanks.

The present which, with too much munificence, your goodness has made me, is in itself exceedingly valued by me, but as your gift it is with peculiar relish acceptable.

Towards you and the whole of your ever dear and memorable father's family, by every branch of which the worthiest of men is so worthily and in character represented, my heart feels the warmest emotions of affectionate esteem and fervent goodwill. May the blessing of God abundantly rest upon you all, after the utmost happiness temporal, to meet where blissful love and friendship reign eternally triumphant.

Continue then, my dear good Sir, to think of me as of one who ever thinks of you and all yours with cordial attachment, having the honour to be, your very obliged and respectful humble servant

Alexander Jolly.

I do not forget the thanks which I owe to you and the other worthy trustees of the Episcopal Fund, as for my own large share in that bounty, so equally for attention to the petition which by my excellent friend of St. Peter's I presented in behalf of his very deserving namesake of Huntly, whose circumstances very much require aid. If he is not already received, I hope he shall be at the first opening. But forgive this note.

John Hay Forbes, Esqre.

Another letter from the same hand is dated, Fraserburgh, November 26, 1827, when Mr. Forbes had become Lord Medwyn.

My Lord,

We must be all very struck by the repetition of your Lordship's exceeding great and kind condescension ; and such a hand helping to supply our wants must very feelingly touch our heart. Mine in particular is very gratefully affected, while I acknowledge receipt of £30 sterling, transmitted to me from the Episcopal Fund by your goodness. My mind, I can truly say, makes its daily visits to your Lordship and family, as well as to those others by whom the best of men, your father, high in bliss, is most worthily represented. Of late I have been particularly anxious about the good Baronet's health ; but his last letter to Mr. Chalmers relieves me in some measure. God long preserve him. My other very kind friend (who indeed gives himself too much trouble for me) is, I hope, in perfect health, with his amiable young family, lately increased by God's blessing, and all, I trust and pray, doing well. The colour of your Lordship's wax alarmed me, not having observed any reference. Yet such occasions, in this transitory state, are to be expected, one going before the other, to pave the way for the following, till finally all meet where Divine Fellowship is in full perfection.

Your Lordship's kindness adverts to my health, which (may I be thankful to God for it) is better than I had expected, well advanced in my seventy-second year.

I pray God long preserve your Lordship's health, for a public blessing and bless also your whole family.

I beg leave to present my high regards to your good lady, and have the honour to be, with very and most due esteem, your Lordship's very much obliged and most humble servant,

ALEXANDER JOLLY.

With Lord Medwyn, churchmanship and charity went hand in hand, and in the city of Edinburgh there was

no cause in aid of the poor that failed to gain his support. In particular, he started a popular movement on behalf of the thrift of the people which resulted in the establishment of the Edinburgh Savings Bank, the first of the kind in the country.

With the ideals and the projects of her husband, his wife was in the deepest sympathy, and the 'saintly example' (to quote the words of her son George) went far to maintain in her husband 'a character very different from the all but universal irreligion which then characterised the society of Edinburgh.'

III

The family lived during the winter months and early spring in Edinburgh, occupying a large house in Ainslie Place, and in summer they usually moved on to the estate of Medwyn, some nineteen miles from the city. Lord Medwyn and his wife often travelled abroad, and it seems to have been during a short stay in France that their son George, then an infant, met with the illness that rendered him a cripple for life. Forbes himself in later life never alluded to it and there is some uncertainty as to the cause of the disease. Whatever the cause may have been, acute paralysis of the lower limbs set in, but hopes were held out that as the child grew older the limbs might recover their vitality. His father spared no expense, and all that medical skill and careful nursing could do was done. But the small thin limbs, with one of the feet pointing backwards, refused to respond to the treatment, though it was continued for years. George could not put a foot to the ground. The sight of the little figure, wheeled in his carriage round the gardens in front of Ainslie Place, was pathetic indeed, and the father's sensitive heart was so touched that he became a kind of second mother to him. It was from his father that George received his first lessons. Quite early he showed signs of that intellectual interest which distinguished him as a man, and it was the delight of his father to observe the rapid development of his boy's mind. At the age of eight George was a handsome, blue-eyed,

dark-haired boy with a gentle, wistful face, looking tall for his age when his limbs were out of sight. That his intelligence was far beyond his years was clear, for there lies before me a short treatise on astronomy given to the boy at the age of eight by his father on Christmas Day, 1829—a book that only a clever boy of twelve could understand. On its title-page are written these words : 'To George H. Forbes from his affectionate father for being a good boy and a good scholar.' Sir Walter Scott, who in *Marmion* had immortalised Lord Medwyn's father and grandfather, was a frequent visitor at Ainslie Place, and the works of the great novelist were a family inheritance. Scott's novels carried the boy's imagination into those fields of romance which were all the more real to him just because they appeared so far removed from his helpless condition. When the day's lessons were done, the winter evenings passed quickly enough with *Ivanhoe* or *Waverley*. As the years passed, the vital powers that were bringing the boy to adolescence produced no effect upon his limbs, and as a last resource Lord Medwyn determined to send his son to France, where he had heard that an orthopædist of repute, M. Humbert, was practising. Accordingly at the age of thirteen the boy was taken to Morley in the north of France by his father and mother, and left there for nearly two years under the care of a nurse. His long stay in France at this time gave him a familiarity with French modes of thought as well as with the French language which he never lost. But alas ! the prolonged treatment of the orthopædist produced no result. The following letter from France exhibits the boy as in no way distressed by his physical helplessness and shows how his education was proceeding:

Morley, 5th May, 1834.

My dearest Father,

I hope you are all quite well at home. I hope you found dear Mama and all the rest of my friends well at home. I am sure that you will be surprised that I have not written to you before ; but the reason was that, about a week after you went away, M. Humbert went to Paris and stayed there about ten days, and

since he came home I have been waiting till I could say something positive about my treatment. M. Humbert says that I will go to the baths on the 10th or 11th. You wished me to give you the thickness of my legs but I do not send it because nobody can see any difference. Christy has been ordered to rub me 8 or 10 times a day and at least a quarter of an hour at a time, but I am sorry to say that I cannot see any difference in them yet. I have also got to rub in an infusion of herbs in wine with flesh brushes. I am sorry to say that Miss Treacher is going away soon, as also Mlle. Losier ; it will be a great pity for I do not know what my lessons will do then. In my French I am reading a life of Marechal Ney which is very interesting : in my Latin, Miss Treacher has been obliged to turn me back to Cornelius Nepos where I am reading the life of Epaminondas ; in my Greek I have got through the nouns and the article and I will begin the adjective this week.

I find conic sections easier than I expected but I do not do more than one proposition a day. I would be very much obliged to you if you can find an opportunity to send me the watch I used to have at Portobello, as I want it very much to know when I begin and end rubbing etc. My kind love to all and I remain, dearest Papa, ever your affec. son,

George H. Forbes.

From time to time his father and mother visited their son, only to be disappointed again and again by the failure of the treatment, and in 1836 the boy, now fifteen years of age, returned home, condemned to crutches for life.

IV

The next four years were the most formative in his life. Living for the most part quietly at home, his mind developed rapidly. Mathematics and logic came as easily to him as the study of languages, and although in later years he had no reason for keeping up his mathematics, he often amused himself by tackling problems that

would have tested the ingenuity of a Wrangler. He read widely in Greek and Latin authors, at the same time keeping up his French, which had become to him a second native tongue. Constantly in the society of his father, he caught from him an ever-growing interest in the affairs of the Scottish Episcopal Church. His father was a churchman by conviction and on principle ; mere feelings of preference were not enough for him. Reasons for the faith that was in him were essential and he knew what his Church stood for. He saw to it that his sons and daughters also should understand the principles of the Church. Yet his teaching was neither narrow nor hard, but deeply spiritual and practical. He wrote a long letter—it might be called an address—in which he emphasises from his own experience the value of the sacrament of the altar. The address is full of tenderness and sympathy and shows that Lord Medwyn would have made a great priest and pastor if he had realised the desire of his heart and been permitted to enter the ministry. The atmosphere of the home in which George Forbes received his Christian training cannot be better understood than by a short quotation from the moving address of Lord Medwyn to his three sons, William the eldest, Alexander, afterwards Bishop of Brechin, and George :

> Unless you fare better than others before you—you will find times in which all pleasure and warmth in prayer will be completely gone, and nothing you can do, will enable you to feel as you did before. These dark times are likely to come upon you more than once ; and in the early part of religion before you have learned, as older Christians have, to understand them, and so to behave under them, as to get good from them instead of harm, however painful they may be—they will be times of very great danger to you ; for you will be apt to fancy that all your religion is going, because you have not the same pleasure in it as before, and that it is no use for you to try any longer, as you will never be able to persevere. Now in these dark times regular attendance at Church and at the Communion, will under God be the means of saving you, if happily you

have formed the habit of these before the dark times come on. If you trust to earnest private prayer alone, and that fails you for a time, then all seems gone. However fast you seemed to be getting on before, you are helpless now, as a ship which was going on before the breeze, lies like a log when it ceases ; but good religious habits, if you have formed them, will be to you what a steady favourable tide would be to that same ship, carrying her on, surely though quietly on her voyage, even in this her worst part of it, until the breeze shall spring up again, and make her fly along as joyfully as before. Therefore, my dear boys, while looking upon every earnest prayer as, next after our salvation in Christ, by far the best gift which God has to bestow upon us—or rather, as one most important part of that very salvation ; while looking upon earnest prayer in this way, yet look upon steady religious habits as not at all less important and upon regular attendance at the Holy Communion as the most important of all ; for in it you will have not only the religious habit, but the best time and place for your own earnest prayers. For surely there more than anywhere else, we have our Saviour beside us, since it is there most especially that His words are fulfilled : ' Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them.' And besides all this there is a benefit which I dare not state in my own words, or attempt to explain—but must give in the words of the Communion Service itself, taken as they are almost entirely from words which our Lord spoke while on earth—that if with a true penitent heart and lively faith, we receive that holy Sacrament, then ' we spiritually eat the flesh of Christ and drink His blood ; then we dwell in Christ and Christ in us, we are one with Christ and Christ with us.'

We cannot expect the fulness of this blessing at first, because our hearts are not penitent enough nor our faith lively enough, but we may expect something of it at first, and more and more continually afterwards. May He Himself so work in us all now, that, separated as we shall shortly be by death, we may meet together

again before His throne on that glorious day, and that you may rejoice to see in me one of the instruments which He has employed to lead you to Him, and that I may rejoice in you as those whom He trusted in a great degree to my care. May each of us also have many with him who have been turned to God by his means. My dear boys, you have read these wishes with as true and deep feelings as any with which I can have written them : but do not trust your feelings ; if you really desire the wishes to be fulfilled, take the only sure way of bringing this about from now, while you are young ; make and keep fixed religious habits, especially that of regular attendance at the Holy Communion.

CHAPTER III

1838—1847

Training

I

Soon after his return from France George Forbes entered on the path that was to lead him into the ranks of the ministry, though as yet he had no thought of Holy Orders. He had hoped to follow his brother Alexander to the Edinburgh Academy ; but the complete failure of the French ' cure ' banished all hope of entering either a school or University. None the less the years 1838 to 1847, spent almost entirely at home, proved in his case almost as thorough a preparation for Holy Orders as any University or Theological College could have supplied.

The Divine call had a perfectly natural origin. It began with a clever boy's natural desire to understand why he and his family differed from the great majority of their friends in attending every Sunday the Episcopal Church or (as it was called) ' the English Chapel ' of St. Paul's, York Place, instead of a Presbyterian Church. His father gave him the reasons current at the time, pointing to the dignity of Prayer Book worship, the Catholic system of the Christian year, the Apostolic descent of the Church and ministry, and so forth. But that was not enough to satisfy George Forbes, who was born with a singularly logical mind. Why an English Chapel ? Why an English Prayer Book ? He could understand the Catholic principle of continuity, but why in Scotland should that be tied up with England ? If a national element were permissible within the Church, that element in Scotland should surely be not English but

Scottish. It was in this way that the logical mind of the boy began to argue.

A visit to the North brought him into touch with the 'Minister of the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, Elgin,' the Rev. W. C. A. Maclaurin, afterwards Dean of Moray, a Tractarian before the Tracts. A few talks with this uncompromising churchman made more impression on the mind of George Forbes than all the teaching he had ever heard in Edinburgh outside his father's house. Maclaurin wrote a little book, the fruit of a thoughtful and well-informed mind, entitled *A Plea for Primitive Episcopacy*, in which he made short work of the arguments of so-called 'English Episcopalians,' that Scots Bishops 'were not parliamentary and that the Scottish Communion Office was different from the English.' Maclaurin's character and ability were long remembered by Forbes and, next to his father, it was to him that he attributed the greatest influence in the development of his early religious convictions.

To clear up perplexities on the position to which he was steadily moving, George took to Scottish Church history and began to grapple with its strange turns and twists, now Presbyterian, now Episcopalian, sometimes a curious mixture of both. When he reached the eighteenth century he was quick to appreciate the Catholic principles for which the Nonjurors were contending against the high and dry Anglicanism and Erastianism of the time. Their attachment to Prince Charlie and the house of Stuart appealed in a measure to his youthful sense of adventure, but it was the independent learning and scholarship of men like Bishop Archibald Campbell and Bishop Rattray that first stirred the mind of young Forbes to a studious interest in religious questions. He saw that these men in compiling the Scottish Communion Office were really aiming at Catholic principles and at freedom from the merely national element in Christian truth and worship. So it gradually dawned on George that to be a Scottish churchman was to be more truly Catholic than to be an English one. Yet he found that the most Catholic feature of the Church, the Scottish Communion Office, was in his own day practically non-existent in the south of Scotland.

From history and the Scottish Communion Office, he passed on to doctrine. Although now not more than eighteen years of age, he began to read through the works of the English non-jurors as well as the Scottish, and studied the great English divines so thoroughly as to discover cracks in the structure of Waterland's exposition of the Eucharist. Later, Rattray's book on the Eastern Liturgies of St. Clement and St. James fell into his hands, with the result that liturgical study, no easy one, fascinated him. From the year 1839 he was to be seen in his room, his crutches within reach, seated in an arm-chair with a writing-board in front, and surrounded by folios of the early Fathers, Mabillon's liturgies, and similar works.

A strange picture—a boy of eighteen occupied with books in which the majority of students make heavy going at the age of thirty. History certainly does not furnish many examples of the kind. Macaulay at the age of eighteen possessed an extraordinary knowledge of literature as well as an unusual insight into public affairs. In a different field George Forbes was intellectually as developed in his youth as Macaulay ; and it was the unbroken study of those early years that placed him in later life far in advance of his contemporaries, including his brother the Bishop. He had read, before he was twenty, works that they only began to study at thirty. As yet he had no ambition to be a scholar. He simply went on reading to satisfy his own mind. By the time he reached the age of nineteen he was convinced that the Scottish Church had a mission which in his judgment was greatly obscured by the natural and popular tendency to approximate its worship and faith as closely as possible to that of the Church of England.

The direct object of those who were promoting this movement, was to suppress the Scottish Communion Office, then regarded by many as a barrier to that complete conformity with the 'established' Church which would increase the prestige of the impoverished and disestablished Scottish Church. Such a policy of worldly expediency was abhorrent to Forbes, and at nineteen he ranged himself on the side of the Scottish party in the

Church, and so continued to the end of his life. No doubt it was as a Scotsman by birth and descent that the Scottish tradition in the Church primarily appealed to him ; but it was no national sentiment, still less any prejudice against England, that drove him to champion the Scottish Communion Office.

He believed that the Scottish Liturgy should be retained and valued, not because it was Scottish, but because it represented Catholic principles in more rational and more primitive form than the English form of service. We may protest that Forbes grossly exaggerated a comparatively small affair. After all, it might be said, can it be of any consequence what form of service is used at the Eucharist ? To Forbes the Scottish Communion Office was no affair of mere preference or dislike. It stood in his mind for principles of faith that were expressed nowhere else in the Church's formularies with the same clearness and sanity, and it was with this conviction that he took up his pen to write what he called a tract on the subject.

But a tract in his view was not a pamphlet hastily thrown off for popular consumption. He would not print a line until he had assured himself of the accuracy of the facts. He began, therefore, by making a close study of the Scottish Liturgy itself, and especially of those parts in which it differed from the English, comparing them carefully with Greek and Latin liturgies. Then with Johnson's treatise on *The Unbloody Sacrifice* as ground work, he took up the study of the doctrines involved, verifying every reference in Scripture and in the Fathers, and writing an immense number of notes. Though his health was still delicate, George Forbes was now much stronger than he had ever been. He had acquired not only a sense of his physical limitations, but also some facility in overcoming them. His crutches had become clever substitutes for his limbs, and by sheer resolution of will he was able to get about out of doors with wonderful agility, so that even the stairs in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh lost their terrors for him.

II

In 1840 his brother Alexander returned from India with the intention of preparing for Holy Orders in Oxford, and not a little to his surprise he found his younger brother far better qualified for that great undertaking than himself. The two brothers had been separated throughout their boyhood, partly by the sojourn of George in France and later by the departure of Alexander to Haileybury and India. Now for four years they were much together, especially during the Oxford long vacation. Alexander, once established in Oxford, formed a close friendship with Pusey, and in the vacations brought home tales of the Oxford Movement, of which he had become an enthusiastic supporter. In his younger brother he found a keen listener, as wholly Catholic as himself, though he had seen neither Newman nor Pusey.

George, however, was not at all disposed to accept without scrutiny what even Pusey extracted from the Fathers of the first four centuries. Though deeply interested in the Oxford Movement, he was confident that the Scottish Church already possessed all that was good in the movement, and that some extravagances about the Eucharist and other matters were more Roman than Catholic. The two brothers became the closest of friends, but from 1841 onwards the elder, able though he was, looked to the younger as his master in all matters concerned with historical and liturgical learning.

Under the guidance of his brother, George paid a visit to Oxford, where he was introduced to Dr. Pusey and his scholarly son Philip, as well as to Charles Marriott and other Tractarians. In the literary work of the Oxford Movement he became keenly interested. As early as 1840 his name appears among the subscribers to the edition of the Fathers of which Marriott was editor, as well as to the long series of volumes published by them under the title of ' Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology ' ; at the age of nineteen he was reading those books as well as buying them.

Pusey and Marriott at once perceived in Forbes all the qualities of the scholar, and Marriott, to whom Forbes was especially attracted, promised that the libraries of Oxford should be at his disposal. The friendship thus begun with Marriott was kept up by correspondence and by later visits to Oxford, and it was Marriott especially who encouraged Forbes to explore wider fields of research when his defence of the Scottish Communion Office was finished.

He was on less familiar terms with Pusey, but he too found time to correspond with the young scholar and to lend him valuable help when he began to investigate the manuscripts of St. Gregory of Nyssa, who had even at this time become one of his favourite authors.

III

It would be, however, a mistake to suppose that George Forbes' interests were confined to study. He was in spirit a man of action. Debarred though he was from the activities of the ordinary healthy man, he sought means of expressing himself in the practical affairs of the Church. He was his father's right hand in the Episcopal Church Society, an organisation started in 1838 to improve the financial position of the Scottish Clergy.

Meanwhile his brother Alexander was completing his course at Oxford. He took his degree in 1843, but resolved to spend another year at the University before ordination. At this time there began to dawn in the mind of George a hope that he too might aspire to the sacred ministry. His father, who had himself contemplated Holy Orders, encouraged the idea. There could be no question of George's intellectual and spiritual fitness. What appeared doubtful was his physical capacity to carry out the duties of the office. Would a bishop undertake the responsibility of ordaining one whose limbs were completely paralysed? Was there not even an old canon of the Church enacted against ordaining anyone maimed or devoid of a man's full bodily powers? Yet, on the other hand, now that his health had improved,

might he not be able in some small cure of souls to discharge the pastoral as well as the priestly duties of the ministry?

The sense of vocation grew steadily during his brother's last year in Oxford, till in 1844 it became a glowing conviction, and early in that year, when he had reached the canonical age of ordination, he resolved to offer himself to Bishop William Skinner of Aberdeen as a candidate for the ministry. He was out of sympathy with the respectable Anglicanism of Edinburgh. The Diocese of Aberdeen attracted him by its stout resistance to English ways and by its fidelity to the Scottish Communion Office of which Bishop William Skinner both in speech and writing was a strong upholder. Accordingly he applied to this Bishop for an interview, and travelled from Leith to Aberdeen by sea to call upon the Bishop in the spring of 1844. How the interview proceeded we have no means of knowing, but it is clear that the Bishop held out little hope that he could entertain the application, and George returned home forced to be content for the moment with having escaped rejection. The Bishop shortly afterwards intimated his decision, and his letter is so perfect an expression of wise and fatherly sympathy for the disappointment he was inflicting that it deserves to be printed in full:

Aberdeen, 27th April, 1844.

My dear Sir,

It gave me great pleasure the other day to learn from your brother, Mr. W. Forbes, who amid his circuit duties did me the favour to look in upon me for half an hour, that you had in no way suffered from your voyage and unwonted exertion. And I am led to hope from this that I may have the satisfaction of seeing you in Aberdeen on many subsequent visits.

I was delighted with the modesty and piety of your private communication of the 17th inst., and I by no means require any additional testimonials from any quarter to satisfy me as to your full qualifications in point of literature and sound theological views for the Holy Ministry. Your very motives for offering your-

self as a candidate for it bear almost sufficient attestation of themselves of your fitness in this respect. But the more maturely I deliberate on the subject (and, ever since you disclosed to me your earnest wishes regarding it, the matter has occupied much of my serious attention), I am the more and more apprehensive, that your physical strength and ability would be inadequate to the discharge of even the ordinary ministerial and pastoral duties, with any tolerable comfort to yourself or to those who should have to witness your attempting it : while an attempt to do more than God has given you the ability to perform, might be the means of sadly diminishing the good, which through the aid of Divine Grace your mental attainments and talents may otherwise enable you to accomplish for the cause you have so much at heart—the benefit of the Church.

It is truly painful to me in any way to damp the ardour of your zeal on this subject, but I am greatly consoled by the reflection, that your own strong good sense and piety will lead you patiently to acquiesce in, and humbly to submit to, a dispensation which proceeds solely from the hand of Him who knows far better than we ourselves can know, what is best for us individually, and for the good of the whole Church. And do not, I beseech you, take too much to heart the disappointment of your fondly cherished wishes in this respect : be assured that God will graciously accept the sincerity of your intentions, where He affords not the ability to put them in execution. Be truly grateful for the mental faculties with which He has mercifully endowed you and strive to employ them faithfully in His service and to His honour and glory, yet not so as to endanger or impair the little bodily strength and vigour which it is His will that you should possess. And you may well rejoice in having kind parents and relatives able and willing to aid and assist you in the promotion of your pious literary efforts. Think of the great benefit conferred on God's Church by the literary labours of eminent laymen and be contented to tread in the paths of a Robert Boyle and a Robert Nelson—

of the many laymen in short who have given, and who, it is hoped, are still disposed to give the fruits of their pious leisure to the furtherance of God's glory. The editing and translating of Bishop Forbes' *Considerationes Modestae* and the still more laborious task which you have imposed on yourself of giving to the public the works of St. Gregory of Nyssa must afford you ample and satisfactory employment for a long time to come—and your necessary visits to Oxford where you have the comfort of having your brother to receive and assist you, may well be supposed to cheer and invigorate you, for the accomplishment of these very useful literary pursuits. And I hope I need not to add, that you have my very fervent prayers for strength and assistance in your labour ; or that it will always afford me a high treat to be favoured with your correspondence. Be assured of my remaining with well founded esteem,

Your most faithful friend and Senior,

W. Skinner.

G. H. Forbes, Esqre.

IV

This letter was a great blow ; but Forbes took it, as he took all the disappointments of life, with resignation for the time being, yet without losing all hope that his ambition might yet be realised. On the flap of the envelope containing the letter are written in Latin with his own hand the pathetic words of our Lord in Gethsemane, ' Thy will be done, nevertheless if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' In the end Bishop Skinner's refusal to ordain him turned out to be a blessing ; ordination followed by clerical work would have been a serious interruption to the development of his powers as a scholar. The next three years of uninterrupted study and research were just what he needed to complete the self-training that his tract on the Christian Sacrifice had so well begun. He at once put aside the thought of ordination and betook himself again to his books, interrupting his work at home only by visits to the libraries in

Edinburgh and, not infrequently, to those in Oxford and Glasgow as well.

His tract was already in the press, and soon after his return from Aberdeen appeared in blue paper covers under the lengthy title of *The Christian Sacrifice in the Eucharist or the Communion of the Church of Scotland conformable to Scripture, and to the Doctrine of the Church of Christ in the First Four Centuries.*[1] The book is a literary curiosity, for it is written in paragraphs of varying length all numbered, from 1 to 238, and with running titles at the top of the page. There is no table of contents, no index, and very few chapters. It is not easy reading, for Forbes' object was to marshal and comment on the scriptural and patristic evidence, rather than to write an original treatise on the Eucharist. Accordingly, the book consists of a mass of quotations critically examined and expounded. The work exhibits for a young man of three and twenty an amazing wealth of knowledge and an extraordinary power of penetrating criticism. Some of the arguments may sound old-fashioned to modern ears, but the astonishing industry and scholarship of the author are evident on every page. Whatever the permanent worth of the book may be, as a factor in the author's training its value is undoubted. He began the work as an enquirer. He completed it a finished scholar, intolerant of second-hand knowledge, enthusiastic in research, and painstaking in accuracy.

Nor was this the only result of the book. Out of it sprang most, if not all, of his later literary work on the Gallican and other liturgies and on St. Gregory of Nyssa, whose works he had studied for some years and frequently quoted in his tract. In fact, the writing of the tract did more for the development of Forbes' mind than any university could have done. It did much also for his soul. The book indeed is in no sense to be classed as devotional, but the note of reverence and even of awe is seldom absent from its pages ; the whole work is instinct with the devotional spirit of the great Fathers, which the author has caught and made his own.

The book, however, suffers from one defect. It was

[1] London, J. Lendrum, 1844.

written, as the title suggests, with an immediate object, the defence of the Scottish Communion Office, but after a few pages this is forgotten. The writer becomes so absorbed in the principles that emerge from the defence of the Scottish Communion Office that his direct object in large measure gives way to scriptural exegesis, patristic interpretation and general liturgical questions. Thus the book may be said to fail as a popular defence of the Scottish Liturgy, while it hardly succeeds as a theological treatise.

In a work which is mainly a catena of authorities there is little scope for personal qualities of style. Yet the personality of the writer, though intentionally kept out of sight, is never lost, and, especially in the notes, it appears independent, penetrating, never at a loss. Although New Testament criticism was but in its infancy in 1844, yet even here there is much to show that Forbes was well ahead of his time. In spite of defects, *The Christian Sacrifice* is a monument of research and of painstaking scholarship ; and in our own day, when interest in Eucharistic doctrine is reviving, Forbes' book will be found to contain as much of permanent value as Pusey's treatise on the same subject.

The book is written with the heat of a fighter, and Forbes in a note to the second part of the work seven years later offers a mild apology for the tone of some parts of it. But the fighting spirit is pardonable in a young man, not so much because his own cause was just, as because his opponents, with a fair case for the English Liturgy on grounds of expediency, set forth so poor a case on theological or historical grounds. Here may follow a letter written to George by his brother, the future Bishop, then a deacon of four months' standing and not very happy with his vicar :

Dearest George,

How are you getting on, and how do the penny-a-liners ? My heart warms as I think of you with your great coat over your knees, and your plaid. Sing tooralooralooo ! I wish you had been down here to-day, the weather was so fine. You would have

enjoyed it so much ; as it is I suppose you never see Blessed Phœbus except thro' a mist as thick as the froth on a pot of porter. I went over to-day to a neighbouring parish to see a school but I find nothing satisfactory. I am most anxious about a school mistress as very much will depend on that. After all it is most thankless work and *vera penitentia.*

What do you think of Pusey's views on post-baptismal sin, do you not think that penance and the Eucharist together may be said to destroy the guilt of sins ? At least I don't think the Anglican divines take so strong a view of the indelibility of the guilt. I had a nice letter from May and from Louisa this morning, they are all much taken up about you. Why do the Puseyites dislike pews so much in churches ? Do you give it up ? Because they are so much attached to forms. I send you the *Churchman.* I can't help thinking I have seen the things in this number before, I suppose when I was at Oxford. On Saturday I was down at the end of my parish by 9, then I married a couple three miles off, then I married my own turtledoves and after finishing my sermon made a round of my home steading. I sat down last night to the Agamemnon and was delighted with it but, oh, how hard it is. I can't help wishing that you were at work upon a new palimpsest of Aeschylus. How grand to find another trilogy. Bathurst, I think I told you, I had seen in Oxford the day I saw you.

I have no news save love and affection which I hope is none.

Your loving Fratello.

V

No sooner was his book published than Forbes threw himself into two subjects that demanded not less but more study. The first of these was a new edition of the works of St. Gregory of Nyssa, a daring undertaking for a young man devoid of any university training. Yet so impressed were both Marriott and Pusey by Forbes' ability that they were anxious to have the work published in their

Library of the Fathers. He had much correspondence with Marriott on the subject, consulting him on many technical points and never failing to receive a prompt reply, scrawled in Marriott's wavering, illegible writing. From the very first Forbes perceived that no edition of the Nyssene Father would be satisfactory without a careful scrutiny of existing manuscripts. The following letter from Dr. Pusey, dated September 25, 1845, shows that Forbes had been for some time engaged in this work :

My dear Mr. Forbes,

I send you the last of the Vienna collations of St. Gregory of Nyssa with a short note of explanation from the collator who will gladly answer you any questions. He is now in England, his direction is : J. Lewis, Esq., 35 Duke St., S. James, London. I heard of his arrival a few days ago and to-night sent him your former queries, which I knew not before whither to send. Thank you for what you told me about Mr. A. Things are worse with me than ever. He has, evidently, no idea of a conventual life, and so thinks it a mere exchange of one scene of active charity for another. I, then, since I cannot but tell people who seem to me to be drawn to it by God, that it is something higher, and that it is lawful to leave Edinburgh for it, seem to him unkind and interfering when I ought not. I am truly sorry for it, and yet if people ask me, I cannot but tell them what I think. After all only two have joined our 'sisterhood' from Edinburgh ; but the coming of the second (Miss Colt) has increased his displeasure so that he put into the fire unread a letter which I wrote to soften his displeasure. I thus have no access to him, and only write this to you in case you should have any opportunity of helping to heal this breach. We have too many divisions and too little love already and cannot afford more.

I have been glad to hear that you weathered the apprehended storm, gratuitous and unloving as was the previous rejection of Hope, who was in a manner the founder of the College. [Trinity College, Glen-

almond.] However, patience and prayer are our only arms now; things will recover if we are brought through, as I cannot doubt, the present terrible crisis. His good Spirit is still with us, dressing men's hurts; what then may we not hope?

God be with you, Son. Yours very faithfully,

E. B. Pusey.

The tone of the concluding paragraph is easily understood. Newman was on the eve of seceding to Rome; already numbers of his friends had gone, Ward, Dalgairns, and others. On October 8 of this year he took the decisive step, and, to use his own phrase 'joined the Catholic Church.' Forbes, so far as we know, had little or no personal acquaintance with Newman, but on his visits to Oxford he had seen him occasionally and had heard him preach at the University Church, and like many other ardent young churchmen regarded him as the champion of a cause that was to carry everything before it. Writing a quarter of a century later Forbes recalls 'the vision of early hopeful days when I looked up to Newman with the utmost reverence and affection for the deeper views of Divine things, the lessons of greater devotedness and self-sacrifice, the lucid arguments and the abundant and ingenious Scriptural illustrations of Catholic truth which we owed to him'; he speaks also of the 'bitter bewildering feeling of disappointment when the truth was forced upon us that we could no more look to him for guidance.'

On a visit to Oxford in the following year Forbes had a talk with Marriott, in the course of which he expressed the view that Catholic principles would never gain general acceptance in England on the authority of the early Church alone. The primary appeal, he urged, must be to Scripture; indeed, the writings of the Fathers were in large measure simply comments on Scripture passages or inferences from them. Marriott agreed. 'Well,' said Forbes, 'why is there in English no Bible commentary which can be called in any sense Catholic? Why not produce a commentary on Catholic lines? Your editors of the Library of the Fathers could do it.'

Marriott at once carried Forbes' suggestion to Pusey, who welcomed it with enthusiasm. A scheme was drawn up, and Keble, Marriott and others agreed to undertake different books of the Bible, Pusey assigning to himself the Minor Prophets. The Oxford Movement, however, took a new departure after the crisis of 1848 ; its leaders were dispersed from Oxford and the movement was entering on a new and popular stage in the country. One writer after another failed, and in the end Pusey alone carried out his share in the scheme by publishing several years later his edition of the Minor Prophets.

Forbes himself had exhibited in his tract on the Christian Sacrifice many of the qualities necessary for Scripture exegesis. Few rivalled him in the knowledge of Greek and Latin, and he had already added Hebrew as well as German to the languages with which he was familiar. Whether any section of the proposal was entrusted to him is not very clear. It seems probable that he undertook to write on the Book of Ecclesiastes, although in an early list of suggested writers that book is assigned to another writer. At any rate Forbes appears to have begun the study of this book at an early period of his life, and for years accumulated material for a commentary on a large scale.

With this great loyalty to the queen of sciences was linked a steady devotion to his mother, the Church, a devotion issuing not merely in a pious sentiment for one Holy Catholic Church, but in serviceable activity to that part of the Church in which he found himself. In 1846 he took the lead in establishing the Gaelic Tract Society for the purpose of educating and maintaining Highland churchpeople in fidelity to their Church. A strong committee was formed to carry out the scheme, and on it, no doubt owing to Forbes' family connections, Lord Forbes, The Macintosh, Lochiel, Irvine of Drum and others served for some time. With this committee Forbes seems to have had his own way. He drew up a report or appeal, every word of which, judged by the style, was his. In this he set forth the policy of the Society and its claims on the support of churchpeople.

The following passage shows that he was alive to the effect of the Free Church Disruption of 1843 upon the Highlands :

> The effect of the recent disruption in the Presbyterian establishment, which has spread more widely in the Highlands than in any other part of Scotland, has been to awaken in every parish there a spirit of religious enquiry and discussion, affecting both matters of doctrine and discipline, which our people, being unprovided with any publications on the subject, are at present very ill qualified to meet. Unless, therefore, efforts be made, much more active than would have sufficed formerly, it will be impossible to retain in the Church the poor in these districts who still belong to it.
>
> The Romish priests, also, are stated to be much more active than they have hitherto been, and in some places a considerable anxiety has been expressed by the clergy, lest those whom we neglect should be induced to become Romanists.

Forbes' contemporaries for the most part seem to have been blind to the fact that even in 1840 there were numbers of nominal Scottish Episcopalians in the Highlands, the descendants of the people whom Bishop Robert Forbes in 1770 and 1771 confirmed, as at Ord and Arpafeelie, in hundreds. Forbes' Society was probably too late in the field to recover these, but had it gained even then the active support of the leaders of the Church, Episcopacy in the north and west of Scotland would have been a power far greater than it is to-day. In the south of Scotland, however, the Society fell under suspicion.

Forbes' advocacy of his cause was too ardent ; even the gentle hand of Dean Ramsay came down firmly on Forbes' report, for on receiving it he wrote : ' I must object to our using the term, " the Church of Scotland " as conveying an obvious and offensive attack on the members of the Established Church.' So cautious were we of the Episcopal Church in the year 1846, while unshepherded Highlanders, moved by the fervour of a religious revival, were marching into the fold of the Free

Church of Scotland! In spite of rebuffs, however, Forbes held on his way. In 1847 the Society printed a translation in Gaelic of the Scottish Communion Office, and the Secretary knew enough Gaelic to correct the proofs, for a copy of the pamphlet lies before me with the corrections quite clearly written in his own hand. He turned his knowledge of Gaelic to good account later in life when he had to deal with Gaelic hymns in some liturgies. How many languages Forbes had acquired by this time I cannot tell. But he knew at least these—Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, Italian and Gaelic, and before he was fifty had added at least a dozen others to the seven. He is said to have acquired twenty-four languages in all.

VI

In the following year he resolved to examine for himself the MSS. of St. Gregory in continental libraries. His father gave his consent to the expedition with some reluctance, fearing that the long journey accompanied by close study would ruin the health of his son. Setting out in the late spring of 1847, Forbes visited first the great library in Paris known as the Bibliothèque Nationale, and then proceeded to Venice by way of Genoa. Arriving at Milan, he journeyed by diligence to Venice, and spent some weeks in the library of that city. He gives a lively account of his doings in the following letters. As usual there occurs no reference whatever to the difficulties he must have encountered on the journey, though he had to be hoisted into train and diligence, lifted from pier to gondola, and could only mount the stairs of libraries on his crutches.

Venice, 1846, Trinity Sunday.

My dear People,

I would not have written so soon after my letter from Marseilles were it not that I wished to say that as I find myself very comfortable here I propose spending an extra week if Papa allows me to go on with my work. I started for Genoa the day I posted my last letter and had a beautiful passage of 20 hours,

the Mediterranean perfectly calm and fully realising my expectations of its beauty and that of the coast. But I must express my intense disappointment with all that I have yet seen of Italian skies. I expected to find it all clear and blue, whereas I have never yet seen the horizon (the only part one cares about) without a haze. Our company included a very characteristic specimen of a Yankee from St Louis, and four worthy Marseilles curés taking an ecclesiastical lark to Italy ; Rome, Loretto and Naples (no doubt for the sake of St. Januarius) being their chief objects. It was the first time any of them had been at sea, and their ideas about it were not a little amusing. As you may suppose I foregathered considerably more with them than with my transatlantic fellow-saxons and I think I considerably modified their ideas of the Church of England before we separated.

Genoa was splendid, but so intensely hot as greatly to fortify my resolution to get to Venice as fast as I could. So I started next afternoon for Milan. For some hours after leaving Genoa we passed through the most beautiful country I ever saw, constant hills with the richest vegetation. I merely stayed a few hours at Milan till the diligence started, and then came on. The first afternoon very uninteresting and flat well-cultivated country, but next morning sunrise found us on the shores of Lake Garda and all day we had the Tyrolese Alps in view to the North.

The diligence was ill arranged, and went slow and stopped often, and when we came to Vicenza I found we had to wait nearly four hours for our train. I was so thoroughly done up with my trip that I didn't expect to take any pleasure in my entry into Venice, but as I found myself floating along the Canal Grande and the conductor of the diligence pointing out in succession the Rialto Bridge, the Palaces of the Contarini, Folieri etc. I really quite forgot my fatigue. At last when my enthusiasm was at the full he suddenly exclaimed with rapture ' ed ecco Signor il Palazzo . . . Taglioni.' From this, however, I was disagreeably roused by the difficulty of getting a room.

Every inn was full, and finally I was thankful to get into that against which Murray had placed the emphatic note of 'dirty.' The horrors of the night that followed are not to be described; suffice it to say that it contributed little to rest my 'aching bones,' and early next morning I started (Botterelli as usual in pocket) in search of a room. Hotel after hotel I tried in vain and I had almost resolved to be off at once, when on my mentioning I wanted to stay for a fortnight a garçon suggested, in what seemed to me the best French I had ever heard, that I might find 'un camera dans une maison particolora.'

Accordingly I started accompanied by one of the porters of the hotel and soon found myself most comfortably located at half the price of a hotel, and neither bug nor flea, which I now look on as the 'summum bonum.' I am within a couple of minutes of the Piazza of St. Mark, and as my walk to the Library (the only walk I need take in the middle of the day) is almost entirely in the shade, I have suffered nothing as yet from heat or glare. The Library as you know is in the splendid Hall of the Great Council, and tho' we do not sit there but in a room adjoining, there is so much of draught of air that it is sometimes almost cold. I have been living tremendously expensively of late, but I hope to draw in here as everything is cheap. The carte of the Restaurant struck me as generally less than half the Paris prices. I went twice to a table d'hôte in two of the large inns, partly in hopes of meeting someone who could give me some information, but they are filled with French who are seldom worth cultivating.

As I find my friends[1] at the Bibliotheca very interesting (I have only made two as yet Codex Gr. 16 and 17, but hope to extend my acquaintance by and bye) I think of staying on here three weeks or so beginning from last Wednesday, i.e. if I receive permission from Papa to go on working in moderation. The weather is far too hot for sightseeing, so I shall cross straight to Turin, where I shall be for about a month. Of

[1] I.e. manuscripts.

course if I find either my eyes affected by the work or my health by the heat I will leave this much sooner, but do pray write to me first here and then to Turin, as even if I am gone the letter will be sent after me. As I do not intend giving you either a description of the Palaces of Venice or of the MSS. of Cardinal Bessarion I will have few events to record during my stay here ; so unless something occurs you need not expect to hear from me till I get to Turin. One day is so like another and all so happily spent that I can scarce believe it is a week this evening since I came here. I can still repeat what I said above of having suffered neither from heat nor light—the only time my room is rather hot is at 6.30 A.M., when the sun shines in, but it soon passes. I cannot reconcile my ideas to the great heat and short days ; by eight it is dark.

I have not yet been at San Lazaro but meditate an expedition some day soon. I forgot in my last to say how vexed I was on leaving Paris to find in my pocket two letters for W. which had been given me to give him and which as usual I had entirely forgot. I hope they are not of consequence. Believe me yr. affect. G. H. F.

My Dear People,

I write so soon after my Turin letter to tell you I hope to come on the boat sailing on the 28th, but do not put off your start on my account as I will follow when my steels [1] are adjusted. I hope to get an answer to my second Venice letter. I had a good tho' tiring journey, coming straight through, just sleeping one night at Lyons. I was delighted with what I could see of Mont Cenis, but as we arrived there at night I could not see much ; at early morning we were surrounded by patches of eternal snow and the thermometer can't have been above 32. After we got out of the pass we had some very fine scenery and a magnificent torrent like a huge Tummel boiling along.

From Lyons to Paris I was not so fortunate, being

[1] Supports for his feet.

in a poor boat from Lyons to Chalons and next day one of our wheels nearly came off and delayed us. However when I got to Paris I felt as if my journey was over, being in a 'kent' place.

Please write to Mr. Macmillan that I am to be in Edinburgh on the 30th, as I should wish to hear from him how the tracts are getting on. You never mentioned whether a letter had come from the Inverness bookseller about them. I am much vexed at the details William gives me of the quarrelling at St. Columba's, Edinburgh, certainly there seems little enough of the *dove* there whatever there may be of the *saint*. I early saw that but little could be expected from Mr. A., so kept quiet while poor Campbell was doing his utmost to make the Church efficient and attractive, by criticising his sermons and doing other unpopular things and getting all the odium that attaches to reformers and doing Mr. Reid no good.

I am re-doing the work I got done for me to save my eyes ; there is much need, but it is provoking that I cannot get the MSS. done for me. I am thinking of coming home the Boulogne route, both as a change and on account of having less shifting.

You need not to be afraid of my being too careful about spending, as Father will find out presently. I have often dined at the Table D'hôte and I always feel it much on my conscience to eat well, to say nothing of getting half fuddled on the 'jorums' of vin ordinaire they give you. Truly it is high time I was coming home. I think you might write to Mr. Bennet to have a single sheet of the Bishop [1] in Edinburgh on the 31st. I think if I take one sheet at a time instead of three I will be able to get on quite safely though very slowly and therefore would like to begin in time.

Love to all and a particular kiss to Mai.

From your affec. G. H. F.

[1] Bishop Wm. Forbes' *Considerationes Modestae*.

CHAPTER IV

1847–1850

A Fight for Liberty

The first of the two letters from Venice, contained in the previous chapter, exhibits Forbes in a characteristic rôle. He loved an argument, especially a religious one, and his talks with the four Roman Catholic priests on the journey to Genoa would have been good to hear. Engrossed though he was in the minutiae of exact scholarship, the ardour of his churchmanship never lost its glow in the cool seclusion of libraries, and when he returned to Edinburgh he found abundant opportunity for his logic and dialectic.

I

The movement for substituting the English for the Scottish element in the Church was steadily making way. The canon of 1838 which gave the Scottish Liturgy priority over the English had become a dead letter. Never popular in the south of Scotland, the Scottish Communion Office was regarded almost universally as an obstacle to the progress of the Church. It was tepidly tolerated by the southern bishops, who had neither the knowledge nor the courage to defend it, and bitterly attacked by an English priest in Edinburgh, the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, who conceived himself as commissioned from heaven for its destruction. The Drummond faction created a schism in Edinburgh, and then did their utmost to spread it afield, sending emissaries as far north as the city of Aberdeen, where Sir William Dunbar started an English Episcopal Church.

Far more dangerous to the Scottish Liturgy was the hostility, veiled in the guise of a liberal toleration, with which it was regarded by the majority of clergy and laymen in Edinburgh. From this quarter pamphlets were rained upon the Church. One, by the minister of St. James's Chapel, with 'A.M.Oxon.' after his name, may be taken as a specimen. According to this cleric, 'the Scottish Office, of obscure and schismatic origin, follows most servilely and literally the Roman form'; its compilers modelled it 'after the very terms and modes of the Mass Book,' and 'the Church of England never can recognise the Scottish Episcopal Church as in full communion till this service is thrown overboard.' Some of the pamphlets were written with less heat and a little more knowledge than are displayed by this writer, but all agreed that the way to gain the favour of the English Establishment was to keep the Scottish Communion Office out of sight. The controversy was fierce, and Lord Medwyn was induced to enter the fray with a tract (in which his son's hand is traceable) too moderate and well informed to have much influence with opponents who were as ignorant of the Scottish Communion Office as they were of the Roman Mass with which they were foolish enough to compare it.

George Forbes was now convinced that as a layman he could get no hearing from the clergy on this question, and began to wonder if the door to Holy Orders were still closed against him. A new justification for his plea had appeared. At this time the Scottish Church was forced more and more to look to England for clergy to minister in the new churches that marked its progress; if this were to continue for long, she would deserve the title that popular usage had already fixed, 'the English kirk.' Trinity College, Glenalmond, had just been founded with the avowed object of securing Scottish candidates of culture and education for Holy Orders. But from that quarter no results could be expected for many years.

II

Impelled by these two circumstances, the need of a Scottish ministry and the defence of the Scottish Liturgy, Forbes, whose sense of vocation had never left him, determined to make one more effort to enter the ministry. His brother, Alexander, who had been consecrated bishop that year, 1847, sympathised deeply with George's ambition, and energetically supported his appeal to Bishop Torry of St. Andrews. That aged Bishop, now, as he used to say, 'near the confines of eternity,' knew the Forbes family well and was eager to number among his clergy one who was so able an exponent of his views as George Forbes. Accordingly in the spring of 1848 a sphere of work was found at Crieff, a small mission under the charge of the Rev. Alexander Lendrum, incumbent of Muthill in Perthshire, and the Bishop consented to ordain Forbes, the date being fixed for the Eve of the Ascension.

No one of his friends was more delighted to hear the good news than Charles Marriott, the humble scholarly Tractarian in Oxford, who had been Forbes' special confidant in earlier days. He had just written a small volume, of rare simplicity and sincerity, entitled *Hints on Private Devotion*. It was the only book to which this modest scholar put his name, though he edited many volumes of the Fathers. He intended to dedicate the volume to Bishop Forbes, but learning that George's ordination had been fixed for the Eve of the Ascension he dated the dedication on that day, adding these words : 'in token of a common interest in a brother this day to be admitted to the sacred order of Deacons.' Marriott had a copy of the book specially bound for his friend, and on the fly-leaf, in Marriott's hand, is Forbes' name, and, in Greek, St. Paul's injunction to Timothy, 'Exercise thyself unto godliness.'

Attended by the intercessions of many friends, George Forbes journeyed to Peterhead, and there, in the Bishop's church, a sombre building, he was ordained deacon on May 3, 1848.

A few days later he took up his abode in Crieff, the work assigned being to carry on and develop a small mission which had been established as an outpost from Muthill, three miles away. Although Forbes' stay in Crieff was short, it was long enough for him to appreciate the qualities of his chief, a priest of untiring energy, far-seeing enterprise, and uncompromising churchmanship.

Alexander Lendrum was a man after Forbes' own heart. No profound scholar, he yet possessed remarkable ability along with a zeal which was saved from rashness by the shrewdness that is innate in the typical Scot. In his enthusiasm he was as impatient of the unenterprising ways of Bishop Torry and the old nonjurors as he was of the popular tendency of the time to merge the Scottish Church in the Anglican Establishment. Lendrum had great schemes on foot and Forbes was ready to champion them all. One of these was a Cathedral Church for the Diocese of St. Andrews, another was the establishment of a school in Crieff for the higher education of girls, and a third was a Prayer Book which should enshrine practices that had become habitual and traditional in the Scottish Church.

III

It was the Prayer Book that especially attracted Forbes ; and if Lendrum was the originator of this Scottish Prayer Book, Forbes was the man who took the most prominent part in its production and publication. Many were the talks between the deacon and his chief. Forbes, full of ideas on liturgical improvements, was for a reasonable revision of all the services in the Prayer Book ; with him the question of expediency had little weight. Lendrum taught him caution ; he would have no drastic changes in the Prayer Book ; the time for such was not ripe. It was enough for him to have a service Book published which should contain and legalise Scottish usages and so save the Church from being tied to the whole English Book of 1662 ; the Prayer Book must bear on its face no sign of disloyalty

to the canons to which the Scottish clergy were bound to adhere.

Lendrum, however, was not a man to busy himself with diocesan schemes and neglect the pastoral duties of his charge, and Forbes, like his rector, was enthusiastic in discharging these. He had not been in Crieff more than three weeks when he began, in the little room that served the purpose of a church, the daily offices of Matins and Evensong ; but in the printed notices of these it is Lendrum's name, not Forbes', that appears ; the deacon was kept in his place.

These services were attended by a few people every day, and on Sunday at the two public services about thirty or forty were present, Forbes entering the room on his crutches and then leading the devotions of the people at a desk, from which he used also to preach, kneeling upon a chair. A stone altar and a font were his gifts to the church which soon afterwards superseded the little room.

He had been at work only three months when Drummond, of the Edinburgh schism, always on the war-path against the Scottish Communion Office, paid a visit to Crieff with the object of encouraging some disaffected gentry in the neighbourhood to set up a schismatic congregation. A circular was issued by them, stating their plan of starting an ' English Church,' and disclaiming in advance any intention of proselytising. Lendrum and Forbes were not the men to submit to this impertinent intrusion. Their reply to the circular, however, was more crushing than tactful, and the schism rooted itself so deeply in Crieff that there remain to this day two churches, though happily both are now under one rector.

Forbes, however, was not permitted to remain in Crieff and carry on the struggle. In October he was invited by the Bishop to open a mission in Burntisland, a small town in the county of Fife. Before settling down in his new sphere he snatched a fortnight to pay a flying visit to Paris, in order to examine certain manuscripts there. Immediately after his return to his father's house in Edinburgh he went to Burntisland, and on the 19th Sunday after Trinity he conducted his first services. In

the following week he received an encouraging letter from his aged Bishop in Peterhead, dated October 28, 1848 :

Rev. and Dear Sir,

Two days ago I was favoured with yours, and I beg to congratulate you on your safe return from Paris, about which I could not divest myself altogether of anxiety, such is my idea of the turbulence and irreligious condition of that city and people. The vivacity and vigour of your mind are wonderful ; otherwise you could not have gone over to Burntisland on the very next day after your return. It is an unquestionable proof how much your heart is devoted to your duty. I was highly gratified to be told that your reception in that town was such as to afford a cheering prospect of great success in your ministerial and missionary labours, under the blessing and support of the adorable Head of the Church. I entertain the best hopes that such will be the case, even should Drummond interfere with your labours, as he has done at Crieff, and attempted to do at Kirriemuir. His blindness and insensibility to the sinfulness of his conduct can be considered as nothing less than absolute infatuation.

Your licence is on the next leaf, which you can separate from this letter. No allusion is made to the place wherein you are to be accommodated in Burntisland. There would be a striking incongruity in so doing, unless it were solely appropriated to your own sacred purpose ; which, I presume, cannot be.

Believe me ever to remain your affectionate brother and friend,

Patrick Torry, Bishop of St. Andrews, etc., etc.

IV

Burntisland is a small port on the north side of the Forth, and before the erection of the great bridge that now spans the river was important as the landing place of passengers from the south travelling by the ferry-boat from Leith. It is a pleasant half-hour's sail to Burnt-

island, with fine views of Edinburgh, its Castle, the Salisbury Crags, and the Pentland Hills. But when a north-easter blows a poor sailor has but little inclination to admire the prospect.

Halfway across the firth Burntisland is clearly seen, a small town lying at the foot of a hilly ridge six hundred feet high, and straggling along the shore, with a few streets running some little distance upwards on the face of the hill. In the town itself, which in Forbes' time numbered about two thousand inhabitants, there is not much to see save the quaint Parish Church of the sixteenth century, but there is a broad open stretch of links at the north-east end of the town flooded with sunshine all day long. Indeed, it may be said that, next to its harbour, the sunshine of Burntisland is its fortune, for the town lies south-east and is protected from the north by the Binn Hill. In a row of small villas facing the links George Forbes took up his abode, occupying a modest house with a study on the ground floor and a bedroom behind it, and here he lived for five years till he built a parsonage for himself.

To establish a Mission in a place that is Presbyterian almost to a man is at no time an easy task, but in days when the Disruption had given Presbyterianism a new if narrower life, the enterprise was beset with peculiar difficulties. To speak to the good folk of Burntisland of Confirmation, bishop and priest, a Prayer Book or even Christmas, was almost as difficult as talking about snakes to an Icelander ; and Forbes, with his keen sense of humour, was quick to see how droll his presentation of the Catholic faith must appear to his fellow townsmen. Nevertheless, he began boldly by engaging the Town Hall for his Sunday services. 'This was a handsome and capacious room,' as he says, and it was filled with people at the opening service, many doubtless being present out of curiosity to see how 'the cripple minister' could manage to conduct a service. When the novelty had worn away the Sunday congregation, which included one or two county families, consisted of twenty or thirty people. The ministers of the town regarded Forbes' appearance as an intrusion, and suspicions of proselytising and

charges of popery began to spread among the people. Unmoved by the tongues of the ill-disposed, Forbes walked on his crutches or drove Sunday by Sunday to the Town Hall for his services, visited his small flock during the week, and spent long hours in his study.

Next year he began to make plans for the opening of a day school, and on Easter Monday of the following year (1849), with one mistress and thirteen children, the school was started. At first it was held in a private house ; but it soon outgrew its small beginning, and a white-washed cottage, behind the house in which Forbes lived, was secured to accommodate the ninety children who were enrolled before the summer was over. How so many children were squeezed into the tiny building it is hard to say ; fortunately there were no compulsory officers in those days and the attendance probably seldom exceeded sixty. Here is Forbes' notice to the people of Burntisland announcing the opening of this school and naming the fee which the children were to pay :

> The Rev. G. H. Forbes begs to intimate to the inhabitants of Burntisland, that on Monday the 9th April, Miss Walker will open a school for Boys under eight, and for Girls of any age, under his superintendence.
>
> Subjects Taught :—The Holy Scriptures. Reading. Spelling. Parsing. Writing. Writing from Dictation. Arithmetic. Geography. Elements of History. Sewing. Knitting.
>
> Hours : From 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., and from 2 to 5 P.M.
>
> Terms : One shilling a quarter. Writing, Sixpence extra.
>
> The school will be held in Mr. Leven's house, at present occupied by the Rev. Mr. Macintosh.

A later notice shows that the school, when fully established, had at one time a master and two mistresses, and that the curriculum included Greek, Latin, French and Mathematics, for each of which there was an extra fee of sixpence a quarter ; coals were fourpence, to be paid at Christmas.

On Whitsun Eve Forbes was ordained priest by his brother, the Bishop of Brechin, on letters dimissory from Bishop Torry, the service being held in Burntisland, as it was impossible for George to leave his charge and go to the Bishop's church in Dundee. This was a great day for the two brothers, and for the younger its happiness was increased when he presented two candidates for confirmation, the first fruits of his ministry.

At that time there were not more than ten churches in Scotland that had a weekly Communion. The usual practice was monthly or less frequently. But as soon as Forbes was ordained priest he established a weekly Eucharist, greatly to the astonishment of his people, who for long could not understand so novel a proceeding. The young priest, with the optimism of youth, expected that a sermon or two would lead his flock to change their views ; but he soon learned that in religious matters a Scotsman is slow to alter his opinions, slower to add to them, and slowest of all to enlarge his practice. For a considerable time Forbes had to bear the cross of disappointed expectations, but a year or two later he was able to report that the Eucharist was beginning to lodge itself in the affections of his people.

To contend with the prejudices of his own people is the lot of every priest, and no little patience is required for the task. But it is now happily a rare experience for a priest to carry on the work of his church in a community whose corporate mind is suspicious and hostile to his very presence. This, however, was the fortune of George Forbes. He blamed the ministers of the town for the unfriendliness he experienced, though it is possible that his own outspokenness had something to do with their feelings towards him. Be that as it may, the opposition seems to have resolved itself at one time into a kind of boycott. He used to tell how an elder of the Presbyterian Church once called upon him to show him the error of his ways and how, when one visit led to another, the interviews ended with the elder's Confirmation and firm friendship. For several years Forbes felt like a foreigner in the little provincial town, and it was only by sheer force of character that he lived down the hostility of the place.

V

From the narrowness of Burntisland there were, fortunately for Forbes, many ways of escape. In an hour or two he could pay a visit to his father in Edinburgh ; Perth, the centre of the diocese, was not far off, Dundee was at no great distance, and visits from his brother were not infrequent. But his greatest diversion was the Scottish Prayer Book.

In this enterprise, the first deliberate attempt to revise the Prayer Book since 1662, Forbes, along with Lendrum of Crieff and an intimate friend, Mr. R. Campbell, an Advocate in Edinburgh, was busily engaged throughout the year 1849. Lendrum, as we have seen, was the originator of the scheme, but Forbes seems to have done most of the work ; he and Campbell, together with a few friends, also guaranteed the expense of publication. The whole Prayer Book was reviewed, not to make numerous alterations, but if possible to render the services more elastic by amending the rubrics. Even the Psalter was scrutinised, and its punctuation revised by Forbes and Campbell. In the Scottish Communion Office itself Forbes particularly desired permission given to omit the Absolution, partly on the ground that the reception of the Blessed Sacrament was the means of conveying the forgiveness of sins, and partly because he held that liturgical absolutions were of late date. But he gave way to Lendrum, who insisted on confining the work to Scottish usages and traditions.

It was impossible to carry on an undertaking of this kind in complete secrecy. Information began to leak out that a new Prayer Book was in process of publication, and speculation, ripening into exaggerated reports of its contents, spread in all directions. The ' English ' party suspected that a plot was being hatched for the overthrow of the existing Prayer Book, and the compilers, aware of these rumours, were driven to work under a darker cover of secrecy. This only served to deepen suspicion and arouse prejudice in advance. Lendrum was anxious to hurry on the publication, fearing that the

exaggerated reports of its contents would arouse the hostility of the clergy against the book.

Forbes, however, was never in a hurry with literary work. He was busy at this time, with the help of his old friend, Charles Marriott, preparing an English edition of Compline, which his two colleagues had agreed might be bound up with the book by any who cared to use that service. But Lendrum would brook no longer delay and insisted that the work should be published at once.

Accordingly it was agreed that Forbes should go north to Peterhead in order to receive the Bishop's formal sanction of the book ; for, though the Bishop had signified his general approval of a Scottish Prayer Book two years before and had seen proofs of the sheets, he had given it no specific sanction in writing. It was, therefore, Forbes' task to take to the aged Bishop all the proofs of the volume, and to state in detail the points in which it differed from the English Book of Common Prayer.

The Bishop, bowed though he was with the infirmities of old age, and suffering from a malignant disease, followed the explanations of Forbes with great interest, saying emphatically that the book contained nothing that was new to him, except the names of a few well-known Scottish Saints in the Calendar. He added that its contents were a true expression of the churchmanship and practice of his intimate friend and counsellor of early days, Bishop Jolly, and then dictated and signed the following statement :

> I hereby certify that I have carefully examined this edition of the Book of Common Prayer, and that it is strictly in conformity with the usage of the Church of Scotland ; and I accordingly recommend it to the clergy of my own Diocese.
>
> Patrick Torry, D.D.,
> Bp. of St. Andrews, etc., etc.

Forbes reported the success of his mission to Lendrum, whose reply is interesting as showing that Forbes even then had not abandoned all hope of improving still further the service book.

Crieff, 9th Oct. 1849.

My dear Sir,

I return your Letters Testimonial signed, and am sorry I was not able to write yesterday.

I was very anxious to hear the result of your visit to Peterhead and am glad to find you succeeded. The Scotch Calendar was indispensable ; and I quite approve of the Bishop's giving a separate approval of the hymns, as it would be very injurious to the success of the Prayer Book to make them any part of it, tho' they may with propriety be bound up with it. I entertain the same views with regard to your Compline Service. Though I like the idea, it will never do to make it part of the Prayer Book at first : have a separate approval for it and license for its use, and then let it be bound up with the book, if you choose, wherever it is to be used. There is a canonical difficulty, however, with regard to the Bishop's power to authorise it. But we will talk of this when we meet, as it is necessary we should be prepared for all objections and difficulties.

Mr. Campbell wrote me of your suggestions, and I made such a revision as would meet your ideas, I think, without greatly altering the present form. There must be a preface to the whole book, taken from the Canons and introduction, supplying whatever is wanting (in the body of the book) of our usage as sanctioned by Canon.

VI

It was hoped that the book would be published before the end of the year, but the printers were slow, and though the date of publication on the title-page is 1849, the volume was not ready for public circulation till the spring of the following year. A few copies, however, were printed early in the year, and whether by craft or chance one of these fell into the hands of Charles Wordsworth, Warden of Glenalmond.

The title-page at once aroused his wrath : *The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments*,

and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, according to the Use of the Church of Scotland. As he turned over the pages of the book his worst suspicions were confirmed, for the English Communion Service found no place in it. Here was a conspiracy of Scotsmen whose aim was to cut the very bond with the Church of England which the Scottish Bishops were with such pains endeavouring to strengthen.

Without a moment's delay Wordsworth wrote for the information of the Bishops a severe indictment of the book, laying great stress on the illegality of its publication, and on the offence that its title-page would assuredly create, especially among the lairds and among the professional classes to whom the English Prayer Book was sacrosanct. The Bishops on receiving Wordsworth's criticism took fright, and a fortnight after the actual publication of the book, met in Synod, summarily condemned it, ordered its publishers to withdraw it from circulation, and reprimanded Bishop Torry for sanctioning such an outrage on lawful authority. Bishop Forbes alone dissented from this judgment. Bishop Torry in his reply bluntly told the Bishops that they were in effect reviving the old tyranny of 'the College bishops,' and interfering with a diocesan Bishop in the lawful exercise of his 'jus liturgicum.' He was right in his contention.

The book was in no sense a new Prayer Book ; it contained nothing that was not either specified in the Canons or had become customary by long usage ; and it was sanctioned by Bishop Torry only for use in his own diocese. Even the title of the book was not without precedent ; for almost all the editions of the Scottish Communion Office contained the words 'according to the Use of the Church of Scotland.' No doubt it was a mistake to appear to claim a title which was legally appropriated to the Established Church of Scotland. But there was no excuse for the insinuation by the Bishops that the compilers were endeavouring to pass off upon the Scottish Church as a whole a new and unauthorised service book. The Bishops, however, foolishly continued to remonstrate, and on September 5, 1850, sent a circular to the Archbishops and Bishops of

England in which they repeated their unjust insinuation and the truism that the book possessed no canonical authority.

Let the reader turn over the pages of Bishop Torry's Prayer Book and judge for himself the object and contents of the book. He will find the names of a few Scottish Saints in the Calendar taken from the Calendar of the Scottish Prayer Book of 1637, the Scottish Communion Office printed with a few new rubrics (one of which enjoins non-communicants to withdraw after the offertory), the Scottish form of Confirmation, directions as to reservation for the Communion of the sick, and a few other matters of minor consequence, including in the Baptismal Office a clearer statement of the practice of total immersion. The book, in fact, is simply the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, with the addition of certain customs which were universally practised all over the north of Scotland. The English Communion Service was excluded, probably on the ground that according to the Canons of the time it had only secondary authority. There is no doubt that the compilers of the book and in particular the Bishop who sanctioned it, were treated with gross injustice ; but it must be admitted that Lendrum and Forbes were in some degree responsible for the prejudice and hostility that were aroused. The book was never considered on its merits at all.

This is evidently the judgment of Bishop Dowden, who, as late as 1882, wrote with almost undue impartiality : ' The circumstances connected with the publication of Bishop Torry's Prayer Book . . . are perhaps too recent to allow a discussion of them which would be regarded as impartial.' Had he pronounced judgment upon the controversy that followed the publication of the book, his verdict doubtless would have been ' much ado about nothing.'

By the death of Bishop Torry in 1852 a painful episode of Scottish Church History was brought to an end. Its consequences, however, were tragic. From that time onwards the English party, not content with their victory over the Torry Prayer Book, worked

steadily for the degradation of the Scottish Communion Office ; and their success in 1862 forced upon Forbes a course of action which involved him in a costly law suit, arrested his literary work for a considerable time, and probably shortened a life which in spite of a gallant spirit had no reserves of strength to meet a crisis.

It is only necessary to add here that practically everything that distinguished Bishop Torry's Prayer Book from the English is found in the Scottish Prayer Book to-day.

CHAPTER V

1850–1856

Author and Builder

Men of high intellectual genius possess the rare gift of detaching their minds from the worries of the moment and concentrating their attention on literary work. Forbes was endowed with this power to a remarkable extent. Indeed, he was never so happy as when committed to a variety of engagements. When the controversy about the Prayer Book was at its height he was busy correcting the proofs of the first volume of his edition of Bishop William Forbes' posthumous work entitled *Considerationes Modestae*, and at the same time writing the second part of his treatise on *The Christian Sacrifice*.

I

The former work, which was published in the 'Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology' in 1850, cost him an immense amount of labour extending over the previous six years ; for he not only translated the rough Latin in which the book was written, and carefully examined and collated the manuscripts, but he also verified all the quotations, many of them taken from works which were very rare. Accuracy with him was a passion. He would not let a page of the *Considerationes* leave his hand for the press until the most obscure quotation was tracked to its source, and he sorely tried the committee of the Anglo-Catholic Library by withholding at the last moment his own Preface and Sydserf's Life of the Bishop.

The book, a thick octavo of five hundred pages, appeared anonymously. Even the second volume, which

was published six years later, had no sign of translator or editor except Forbes' initials at the end of the Preface. Forbes was now beginning to be recognised in England as a man of more than average learning, but there were not in all Scotland more than twenty people who knew that he was responsible for this work.

In 1851 was published the second part of *The Christian Sacrifice*, with, in this case, his name as author on the cover. This was a small volume of the same size and style as the first part which had been published anonymously seven years before. It deals with the Real Presence in the Eucharist, a phrase however that Forbes refused to employ, considering it both misleading and inadequate. His treatment of the subject, just because of his avoidance of this popular phrase, seems tantalisingly indefinite. On the relation of the consecrated elements to the Body and Blood of Christ he refuses to speculate. The Divine realities are, he held, as real and as objective as are the symbols of bread and wine. The Catholic position, in his view, is to maintain the truth as far as it has been revealed, and no further.

It is only when Forbes deals with theories which attempt to explain the mystery that he becomes precise and definite. He examines in succession, one by one, transubstantiation, consubstantiation, and the Protestant view that would make the bread and wine mere reminders of a past act and an absent Christ, and deliberately rejects them all. On transubstantiation he is specially severe, and few criticisms of that doctrine, more searching, yet more free from prejudice, are to be found in theological literature.

One might have supposed that two books were sufficient at one time to occupy an author's mind. They were not enough for Forbes. Three other literary efforts were in hand. One of these, involving a minute examination of codices, manuscripts, and versions, was his proposed edition of the works of St. Gregory of Nyssa, a task that was frequently held up because of the distance of libraries. The two others, remarkable as showing his range of interests, were an answer to

Keenan's Roman Catechism and an edition of a tract by Bishop Rattray on the Intermediate State.

In the midst of occupations such as these most men would have abandoned the attempt to keep up the domestic and more human interests of life. But Forbes hungered for these, the more absorbed he grew in literary work. To women he was, with his refined ascetic face, black hair, and wistful eyes, unusually attractive ; but no one believed that a man in his physical condition would think of marriage. It is easy to imagine the astonishment, not to say dismay, of his family when, early in 1853, he announced his engagement to Eleanor Mary Irby, daughter of Major Wemyss of the Scots Greys, a young lady descended from the old family of Wemyss and connected with Lord Boston, as attractive for her beauty as for her gentle and loving disposition.

Early in her life some misfortune overwhelmed the fortunes of the family, and the girl was driven to live with her mother in a modest house in Teviot Row, Edinburgh. The tragedy had moved the heart of George Forbes to deep sympathy, and the sympathy and concern in the course of a long friendship ripened into love. At the time he did not see that he himself even more than she needed the loving care that he longed to offer her, but she saw it. The cynic will say that love born of pity has no continuance. In this case he would be wrong. They were married at Burntisland on April 14, 1853, and a happier pair than George Forbes and his young wife never lived.

They took up their abode in Craigholm Crescent, and she devoted herself to him with all the ardour of a warm heart, full of admiration for his gifts and unwearied in her efforts to support his plans. Through a long period of obscurity and suffering her confidence in her husband's genius never faltered. To save every penny for his work she practised in domestic affairs a measure of economy which reduced to a minimum even the necessities of life. She kept only one servant and was not above turning her hand to any domestic duty that had to be done, besides visiting the poor and, when her husband set up a printing press, working daily in the

printing office. Yet, as the Burntisland folks were quick to perceive, she was always the great lady whatever she might be doing, carrying with her the indefinable atmosphere of refinement and distinction that won their hearts and deepest respect. With the Forbes family in Edinburgh she was a great favourite, and her gentle, unselfish character gained from them support for her husband's plans when his over-confident logic failed. 'I never saw the like of her for goodness' was an early verdict pronounced by one of the family.

II

It was not easy to find a publisher for the literary projects which were taking shape in Forbes' mind. What he had published till now, with the exception of the *Considerationes*, was done at his own expense and proved a costly business; the more so because references, footnotes, and corrections abounded in every proof he revised. His income from the Church all told amounted to £15 a year, and his private income at this time only came to a few hundreds a year. Why should he not print and publish his own works? Publishing, he had heard, was a dangerous trade. So Sir Walter Scott had found to his cost, and only the generous help of Forbes' own grandfather had saved the novelist from total ruin. But, argued Forbes with his father, had Scott himself been a publisher and not the victim of one, he might have died in peace a happy man. Besides, a printing press was no very costly matter, and there was room in his house for a small office. The more Forbes thought of the idea the better he liked it. In 1852 he bought his press and hired a man to teach him all he did not know of printing, which was not much. For some months he amused himself with his printing machine, and speedily discovered that with a little training some of the older girls in the school could set up type quickly and accurately.

Many years before he had caught the romance of scholarship. The discovery of a new fact, the clearing away of an obscurity, the emendation of a text, even the ferreting out of a reference—these scholarly prizes were

thrills compared with which the gold-digger's find of a nugget was nothing. But now he caught something of the glow of the popular educationist as he began to think of the possibilities of the printing press.

In the summer of 1852 he began his trade as a printer at his house, 12 Craigholm Crescent, by sending out circulars announcing the appearance of a new monthly magazine under the title of *The Gospel Messenger*, and writing to his brother (the Bishop of Brechin), Canon Bright, Bishop Suther, and others to supply him with matter. In January 1853 the first number of the magazine was issued, 'At the Pitsligo Press, Burntisland,' in a pink cover which with characteristic economy he used partly for displaying a few advertisements and partly as a kind of parish magazine.

The Gospel Messenger consisted of thirty pages of printed matter, which included two sermons, instructive extracts, articles on various topics, especially on social and economic subjects, a little poetry, and some notes of Church progress. The articles on social questions were strong pleas for reform ; and dealt with model lodging houses, sanitation, strikes, and the like. His interest in social reform was no new thing. From his father, Lord Medwyn, both George and his brother, the Bishop of Brechin, inherited a deep concern for the social condition of the working people of the country and especially for the poor ; and although George was a Tory and an aristocrat in the best sense all his days, he was by Christian conviction as stout a reformer as Ruskin, the determined foe of every privilege and abuse alike, and in his own way the champion of every wise scheme for improving the social conditions of the people.

The Gospel Messenger had its enemies as well as its friends. It was begun, as Forbes himself says, 'under most discouraging auspices' ; anything that came from him was suspect in the eyes of the dominant party in the Church. *The Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*, a weekly paper, was already in the field, posing as the official organ of the Church ; and, if obsequiousness to the Bishops were a sign of its 'official' status, playing its part well. The editor of this newspaper and his sup-

porters resented the appearance of Forbes' magazine as a rival, and 'damned with faint praise' anything that came from his pen. For some months Forbes remained silent; but at last, when *The Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal* claimed to be 'the only organ' of the Scottish Episcopal Church, his patience was exhausted and he expressed his mind with some vehemence in these words:

> We certainly never have laid claim to this rather ambitious title; we profess but to speak for ourselves, and those contributors whose initials mark what each one is responsible for. But to prevent misunderstanding on the part of those of our readers who also peruse *The Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*, it will be proper to state that we have quite as much right to adopt that designation as it has; nay more; for as we endeavour to avoid all controversy, *The Gospel Messenger* is much better adapted to conciliate the confidence of all sections of the Church, than a paper whose very object obliges it to take a side in every party question.

The Gospel Messenger before the end of the year had a circulation of 800, and Forbes was so well pleased with its success that he planned the publication of a magazine in French to combat the nauseous French literature that was carried into the homes of English-speaking people desirous of improving their knowledge of modern French. It was only after calculating the cost that this venture was given up.

One of the first books issued from the Pitsligo Press (so called from the name of Forbes' ancestor Lord Pitsligo) was a reprint of *The Arians of the Fourth Century*, written in 1833 by John Henry Newman when still an Anglican. How Forbes succeeded in obtaining permission to produce a second edition of this volume is not very clear. It appears, however, that after Newman became a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, the demand for his Anglican works steadily went down, until by 1853 his famous sermons had become dead stock on his publisher's shelves, while other works, including his book on the Arians, had gone out of print. It is certain that Newman himself wished to keep his Anglican books

in circulation and that he saw little in them requiring correction. They would in his view naturally serve as propaganda, all the more effective the less they were altered. Newman left the copyright in the hands of William Froude, brother of his intimate friend, Richard Hurrell Froude the Tractarian. Several letters passed between Forbes and Froude, the third of which from the latter indicates the position of matters quite clearly.

Dartington, Totnes, June 29th 1853.

Sir,

I am very sorry that my inadvertent ignorance of your profession should have prevented me from addressing my letter to you in the form which custom as well as the respect due to it naturally prescribe, and which I am grieved to have omitted even ignorantly.

I will write to Dr. Newman by this day's post and enquire whether he has a corrected copy of the Arians ready. Probably he has not : and it might take him some little time to prepare one. It was only incidentally that I learned his wish to introduce corrections such as I described to you ; and from his manner of alluding to them I infer they were such as he would wish to prepare—not such as he had actually prepared.

With regard to the unsold copies of the Parochial Sermons, it was not as a speculation in the unwholesome sense of the word that I suggested to you the possibly remunerative character of the purchase, but only as an apparently safe step in the direction of a complete reprint of them at some future day. Rivingtons apparently make no effort to sell them in the ordinary course of business by advertisement or otherwise. And while they remain on his shelves, they are a bar to progress of any kind. Of course if the price he names is too high there is no remedy. But as regards the volume reprinted by Burns, I think it is probably not large in extent and might be got over.

I am obliged to you for a copy of one number of your periodical *The Gospel Messenger*. If I am right

in inferring from your first letter (to Dr. Newman) on the subject of reprinting the Arians that your printing is executed by your school children, it seems to me to prove that they have become proficients in the art : at all events I see nothing in the workmanship that shows it to have come from unpractised hands. I do not offer to become a subscriber to the work, as I do not feel I do full justice in the way of effectual reading to the periodical literature which I already take in.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
W. Froude.

In the end it was agreed that the book should be reprinted without addition or correction, and it was published (London, E. Lumley, 1854) with the following short Preface by Forbes :

When in the autumn of 1852 I established a press in connection with my mission here, the difficulty which met me at the outset was to find employment for it. Being anxious to make it serviceable to the cause of the Church, I wished it to be the means of bringing forward a few theological works which were difficult to be procured. One of the first that occurred to me was the present treatise, which I had read several years before with the deepest interest, but which had become so rare that for a considerable time I had endeavoured in vain to procure a copy. A series of communications (with the details of which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader) took place with the author and one of his friends to whom he had conveyed the copyright. It was at one time proposed that the author should correct the sheets and make alterations in the style, etc. ; but it was afterwards felt that it would be preferable to have an exact reprint of the former edition, which accordingly is now presented to the reader. Soon after the printing began, it was taken up by the publisher whose name is on the title-page, under whose auspices it now appears ; and it is hoped that the graphic delineations

of character, the luminous investigation of the real springs of the events in the third and fourth centuries, and, above all, the masterly vindication of the orthodoxy of the great Alexandrian school of divines, may prove an antidote to many of the things now written in disparagement of the early ages of the Church.

In the third edition published in 1871 Newman introduced certain abbreviations and corrections, but made no allusion to the second edition printed at the Pitsligo Press, which probably numbered only a few hundred copies and is now rare.

III

The mission had been making but little progress in the town, though the church school had greatly increased in numbers and had again been moved to a larger building. It was, however, clear that so long as the church services continued to be held in the Town Hall the Church in Burntisland would never secure a footing in the place, and, like the occasional entertainments and concerts that took place in the same building, would be regarded as having no real hold on the community. A Church building was a necessity, and along with it a parsonage and a properly equipped day school. But there were obstacles.

Forbes had his eye on a commanding site in the centre of the town overlooking the harbour ; but when he opened negotiations with the proprietor he discovered that an enemy had been before him begging the owner of the land in the name of the people to refuse a site for an Episcopal Church. Rightly or wrongly Forbes traced the opposition to the ministers of the town. It was a foolish move, whoever was responsible for it, since it created sympathy for the incumbent, who was not slow to take advantage of it. The site was acquired. The next step was to obtain a design, and as Forbes would have nothing but the best he employed one of the leading architects of London.

When the plans arrived it was soon seen on how ambitious a scale the building scheme was designed.

Something much more modest might have served the purpose, since Forbes could look for little or no financial support from his handful of people. But he believed in the future of the church ; and determined to build in accordance not with his means but with his faith, going on with the enterprise bit by bit as funds permitted. His preliminary difficulties were not yet over. Delays arose in the Dean of Guild Court, and for some time Forbes had to arrange a makeshift abode for his school children and for his Sunday services. His father alludes to these troubles in the following letter :

My dear George,

Although I never could comprehend what right the Dean of Guild could have to interfere with the plan of building to be erected on your own ground purchased from the proprietor, yet I was happy to learn that you had at last got the warrant and an end of your troubles. Delighted I was to hear of the success of your outdoor service. But as you cannot depend upon always having as good a day for it as last Sunday, I presume you will have your Church services in the herring loft, where you have your school, till you get into your nice building. I really rejoice that you have got some government money for your school. You will need it all, I fear, for I much suspect that you are embarked on an expense about your new building which you have no conception of.

It was little wonder that Lord Medwyn was alarmed by what he had heard of his son's plans. When he learned the full cost of the undertaking his fears were greatly increased. The complete scheme included a large parsonage, a day school, and a beautiful church ; and the total cost was estimated at no less than £10,000. Letters of warning and remonstrance flew daily from the Forbes family to the reckless George. His sisters in particular regarded their brother as a child in the ways of the world, one of them reminding him that owing to his health he ' had not rubbed with others and did not know human nature.'

There was truth in the remark, but George, rash

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though he sometimes seemed to be in money matters, was nearly as capable in business as he was in scholarship. In fact his knowledge of investments, banking, stocks, and shares was his danger ; and his father, Lord Medwyn, knew it. When full details of the costly building scheme came to his ears, he wrote a sharp letter to his son. It was risky enough to embark on a printing establishment, but to add to it the personal liability for a sum of money amounting to £10,000 seemed madness. When George replied that he intended only to build a small portion of the church at first, the father's fears were but little allayed, and Lord Medwyn was obliged to intimate that 'his means were not unlimited' and that his support of the scheme should not be taken for granted. Between the father and the son there was a good deal of plain speaking, mostly, however, on the side of Lord Medwyn, who feared that George might rashly pledge his private resources beyond hope of recovery. It was only by the tact and sweetness of Mrs. George that a serious breach between father and son was averted. Hurrying over to Edinburgh, she allayed the fears of the family, showed that George was not so reckless as he seemed, and that he had no intention of spending a penny more than he actually possessed. She did not say that both he and she were determined to give up every personal luxury and comfort in order to carry the building project to completion.

This should have been the end of the friction, but unfortunately it was not. To his father, now almost a confirmed invalid, George was always a most devoted son ; but in his magazine he cut the old man's heart to the quick by a paragraph which seemed to Lord Medwyn to suggest that the family had refused to have anything more to do with his building scheme. Tact was never a strong point with George, and it is easy to see that the family could read into the following statement a meaning that would never enter into the mind of the outsider. After declaring that the erection of the church was impossible for the present, Forbes wrote :

> The incumbent's means are pledged already to the fullest extent consistent with prudence. He hopes,

however, that enough will be contributed to pay Mr. Carpenter for his designs which must then remain in abeyance until the congregation becomes able to build the church for themselves or another incumbent is appointed who has friends able and willing to help on the good work.

It was the closing words of the paragraph that made Lord Medwyn exclaim when he read them, ' There is a hit at me.' He lost no time in rebuking his son, who had added, it will be seen, to his offences the enormity of suggesting support for Foreign Missions.

My Dear George,

I have just received yours. You say that you are really sorry that I have been vexed about your notice in the cover of the *Gospel Messenger* and that you did not expect this would be the case, as you pressed it on me to read in the dining-room. I really think you might have gone further, and admitted that it implied more than you meant, and that it might fully warrant the idea that I had not supported your building scheme as I ought to have done. If you have not now seen this, it is only another proof of your ignorance of the ways of the world ; or if you are now sensible of it, your non-admission is a continued proof of your inability to see anything amiss in your estimate of the ordinary ways of the world, or at least your unwillingness to acknowledge it. I hope you are not to advert to it again ; it will be soon forgotten, and your subscribers will not think I have withheld my support to your mission improperly. . . . As to the notion of your providing for a foreign mission, I think it unnecessary to make the attempt. I am afraid our community have too much to do at home and too little means and still less zeal to support anything of consequence. It is the idea of an overbustling man, who wishes to bring himself into notice.

Yours with love to Eleanor,

J. H. F.

Poor George! 'An over-bustling man, seeking public notice.' And all he wanted was a foreign mission collection!

It was Mrs. George who saved the situation again; what her husband lacked in tact she made good in sweetness of disposition. She had the confidence of the whole family. Lord Medwyn loved her as his own daughter. Her visits to him in Edinburgh kept the father's heart warm towards his impetuous son, while her influence with her husband arrested more than one letter to the family which would only have widened the breach. Running over to Edinburgh for the day, she at once dispelled the misconstruction of her husband's conduct, and peace was restored.

It is not difficult to guess why the parsonage and not the church was built first. Forbes wanted to secure a better habitation, not so much for his wife and himself as for the Pitsligo Press; and, as events proved, the parsonage was better adapted for printing than for comfort; in the plan of the house he provided even for the possibility of three girl printers 'living in,' but prudently left this experiment untried. It was a fine house designed in the Scottish baronial style, three stories high, in addition to a basement that contained the printing rooms. Some of the rooms on the upper floor were never finished, the walls being lathed and not plastered. The internal arrangements were to some extent adapted to Forbes' physical infirmity. His study was a large room facing south and his bedroom was immediately behind, so that only a step or two took him from the one to the other. The study was used also as a dining-room, and the custom was for Forbes to take his meals seated in a chair with the board, on which he did his work, over his knees. A speaking-tube enabled him to communicate with his workpeople in the printing office; but when well, he used to visit the office every day to see how the work was proceeding. A large room across the passage, with the laths and straps naked to the eye, was used for storing paper and for drying printed matter on lines of rope that stretched from one end to the other.

While the house was thus wonderfully convenient for

the scholar and the printer, it was in other respects singularly ill-adapted to one who was often an invalid and always a complete cripple. It was situated on a rocky eminence rising up from the harbour. The nature of the ground was such that, to enter the house, one had to climb a flight of eight steps, up and down which Forbes on his bad days had to be carried bodily. The main stair within the house was narrow and straight as a steeple ; and the stair from the ground floor to the printing office was little better, so that friends sometimes trembled for Forbes' safety as with astonishing agility he swung himself down the steps on his daily visit to the printers.

The house was deemed ready for occupation in the early summer of 1854, but much was wanting to give even the living rooms those finishing touches that make for comfort. The roof of the study-dining-room had only one thin covering of plaster ; and when friends remonstrated on the discomfort and ugliness of the place they were met with the reply, 'Why should I have a finished study when the house of God lies waste ?' At last, however, when the plaster began to fall in flakes like snow upon the table, even Forbes had to give way and have the ceiling properly finished.

In the selection of his site he had sacrificed much to secure a commanding position and a fine view. To him, often confined to the house for days in succession, the prospect from the parsonage was a never-ending pleasure. From his study window he had the Firth of Forth almost at his feet, while across the water only four miles away the city of Edinburgh spread itself out before his eyes, with Arthur's Seat like a lion keeping sober guard over Holyrood, the Pentland Hills extending westward, and the coastline curving to the east round the links of Gullane, behind which the rounded hill of North Berwick Law rose like a fortress challenging the sea-swept Bass Rock which it faced. His parsonage became to Forbes a kind of watch-tower, from which he could survey without prejudice the ebb and flow of progress in the world, and more particularly in the Church.

Not for him were the rush and bustle of active life. But his very seclusion might be his opportunity. The

mind, free from those preoccupations of parochial and ecclesiastical affairs that hinder both its vision and its grasp, could give itself to the pursuit of truth apart from the questions of expediency and policy that so often soil its beauty. Yet Forbes was not content to be a scholar and nothing more. Like his father and his brother he was at heart a man of affairs, deeply interested in the movements of the time, whether it were the co-operative movement in economics, the rise of ultramontanism abroad, the development of the Oxford Movement in England (the dangers of which he saw clearly), the alarming growth of the 'Anglicizing' party in the Scottish Church, or the decay of Calvinism in the Presbyterian Church.

In his view all these widely differing movements were alike in one respect: they were under the direction of men many of whom were asking not what was true but what would work. Like many another apostle of truth Forbes had to suffer for nothing so much as for veracity. 'Let truth prevail, even if the heavens fall'—that was his conviction. So he was in the Church of his baptism all his life a lonely man. He stoutly maintained that he was Anglo-Catholic both in fact and in name, yet no party could really claim him. Even then on important questions, such as the Real Presence, Absolution, Baptism by Immersion, he differed sharply from men like Pusey and his own brother, with whose views on other subjects he was in warm agreement.

Forbes' independence had already created the impression that he was 'peculiar,' an impression that his family in Edinburgh did little to remove; and when it became known that he was erecting a baptistery with a font sunk in the floor for baptism by immersion, that impression became a firm conviction wherever his name was mentioned. His published advocacy of the practice of immersion, in spite of or perhaps on account of his learning, strengthened rather than weakened this superficial judgment of Forbes' character. The baptistery, however, was not the outcome of an ecclesiastical fad.

It was the first portion of a great church which, had it been completed, would have been one of the finest in Scotland. Of the church, only the baptistery, in 1856,

was ever finished. Early English in style and octagonal in form, it was built of ashlar within and without ; the roof, which was of stone, was groined, and there were three lancet windows filled with stained glass. It formed a dignified little chapel which was used not only for the few baptisms required in the small congregation, but also for the Sunday and Holy Day Eucharists which were celebrated unfailingly according to the Scottish rite. Entering the baptistery, the worshipper saw on the right a small stone altar with cross and candlesticks on it, and on the left the well-font for adults surrounded on three sides by a stone rail thirty inches high, with steps leading down to the water ; near this was another font for infants.

For Mattins and Evensong the schoolroom was used, and these services were open to all. But no one was allowed to set foot in the baptistery unless he had been confirmed and was a communicant ; not even the oldest of Forbes' own workers ever entered it, though they often attended the schoolroom services. No doubt Forbes' intention in erecting this building was to emphasize the value of the Sacrament of Baptism, a sacrament that even to-day remains shorn of those visible signs of dignity that so universally accompany the Sacrament of the altar. But Forbes' beautiful building failed to be much more than a witness to his own sense of the importance of baptism. The practical difficulties involved in baptism by immersion caused the irreverent to smile and the devout to feel uncomfortable, while the exclusion of non-communicants from the building created misunderstanding and hostility.

Forbes rather gloried in unpopularity. At one time he could get no mason in Burntisland to cut a stone for the church which he began to build in 1855. He blamed the Presbyterian ministers for this as for other hindrances, but scorned to wait till the boycott was withdrawn. Every day with his own hands he cut a few stones and saw his manservant set them in mortar in their places. In 1856 his builder died and he engaged a foreman to carry on the work by weekly wages. He was content if the walls of the church rose even an inch or two every week. Want of money might cause a complete stoppage

of the work ; Forbes would then let part of his house for some months and with the proceeds renew the work of building. This went on for years ; but in spite of his self-denial progress was slow and the church walls never rose higher than fifteen feet. Throughout his life he had to be satisfied with his baptistery for the Sacraments, his schoolroom for the Sunday Offices, and his parsonage for the printing establishment.

The erection of these buildings was, even apart from the church, no small achievement for a man often so ill and worn that his crutches stabbed him with pain. The fact seems to have been that his building enterprise was, as much as anything, the protest of an ardent spirit against the limitations of a disabled body. He was determined to live and act like other men. In this he was mistaken, for he wasted time and strength that could ill be spared from literary work, and whenever he went beyond his plain limitations and embarked on practical schemes, his energy bore him too far and his plans miscarried. He began the erection of the church 'as an offering to God in the firm faith that after I have been gathered to my rest, others will be found to carry on what has been thus begun.' His confidence, alas, was misplaced. The parsonage that was once the home of a scholar is now a tenement housing half a dozen families, the press that produced works of profound learning is now only a name, the school is a drill hall, and of the baptistery not a stone remains. Had Forbes known the ruin to which the great building scheme was doomed, would he have held his hand, satisfied with the peaceful and secluded path of learning? Never. He would probably have designed an even larger scheme. His was the spirit of the martyrs who believe that only through tribulation can the kingdom of God be won. The very weakness of his body was a perpetual challenge to his mind and spirit to conquer ; and too often the mind flung impossible tasks on the body. But at this time Forbes had not tasted the bitterness of defeat ; that was to come. Meantime he was happy with his books, his press, his small flock, his well-managed school, and above all with his wife, so gracious in her ways, so untiring in her labours, so confident of her husband's genius.

CHAPTER VI

1856–1862

The Fruits of Scholarship

These six years were the happiest as they were certainly the most fruitful years in the life of George Forbes. During this period his published work included the third part of *The Christian Sacrifice* and an edition of Bishop Rattray's works (1854), two parts of the *Gallican Liturgies* (1855 and 1857), the first part of his edition of St. Gregory of Nyssa (1855), and a great variety of articles in a miscellany which he called the *Panoply*.

I

The Scottish Episcopal Church can make but little claim to distinction in the field of learning. Few of its members during the last two hundred years have been in any way remarkable either for gifts of intellect or for achievements in scholarship. Yet the names of Bishop Rattray, Bishop Forbes, George Grub, and Bishop Dowden are not likely to be forgotten for many generations. These men, however, might never have written a line if the Scottish Liturgy had not existed. At least it may be said that in the case of the two greatest, Bishop Rattray and Bishop Dowden, the lamp of learning was first lit at the flame of the Scottish Communion Office.

Unquestionably George Forbes also owed his original interest in research to this cause. *The Christian Sacrifice*, as we have seen, was written primarily as a defence of the Scottish Office, although the work was in fact a minute investigation of patristic writers and liturgies of the early centuries ; and in dedicating the *Gallican Liturgies*

to the Hon. G. F. Boyle (Earl of Glasgow) Forbes did not fail to describe 'these liturgies as cognate to that great Eastern family whence the Communion Office of the Church of Scotland is derived.' Thus it may be said that the Communion Office of his own Church made Forbes at once a liturgist and a patristic scholar.

His first idea was to publish an edition, more or less popular, of some of the great Eastern liturgies, and he consulted Neale, one of the most competent liturgists of the day, on the plan. Neale was favourable and agreed to act as editor. But though Forbes went so far as to investigate the text of the liturgy in the Apostolic Constitutions, he gave up the project, which Neale afterwards carried out.

The Gallican liturgies offered much more scope for research, and no edition of these had as yet been produced in this country. Well aware of his own deficiencies for this task, he first proposed that Neale should be wholly responsible for the first part, but as Forbes refused to issue a mere reprint of the services, a division of labour was agreed upon. Forbes' share was to provide notes, partly explanatory but mainly setting forth the differences between the Gallican forms and those of the Roman rite, while Neale's task was to revise the text. The printing of the first part of this work took about six months to complete, for though it extended only to 128 pages, the marginal notes and references written by Forbes himself proved a heavy undertaking for the one skilled printer, occasionally aided by one or two others, and the girls in the parsonage who formed the permanent staff. One of the girl printers tells how Mrs. Forbes, coming into the office one day, found her crying over her work. Questioned as to what was the matter, the girl replied, 'Oh, Mrs. Forbes, I am always making "pies" with this small type.' 'Well, Jeannie,' said Mrs. Forbes, 'go away home and rest your eyes, and we shall try and see how it goes to-morrow.' The sheets were carefully corrected by Forbes. Proof after proof was struck off. The detection of the most minute error, even in spacing, meant a fresh sheet, and the number of corrections even on the third complete revise was considerable, for Forbes was determined

that no pains were to be spared in the production of his first important book. Time and labour in executing work of this kind were nothing to one who was accustomed to use his printers much as modern writers employ typists. Neale in his letters to Forbes speaks of the proofs as faultless ; he little knew what labour his co-editor expended in purging them of mistakes.

At last the volume was ready for publication. In the year 1854 it appeared, clad in a blue paper cover, under the title of *The Ancient Liturgies of the Gallican Church now first collected, with an introductory dissertation, notes and various readings, together with parallel passages from the Roman, Ambrosian, and Mozarabic Rites, by J. M. Neale, M.A., Warden of Sackville College, and G. H. Forbes.* It was characteristic of Forbes to print his own name in small type and his colleague's in bold capitals, although Forbes' share in the work was much greater than Neale's. The price of the book was three shillings and sixpence ; a publisher to-day would have lost on it if he had charged fifteen shillings. For accuracy, clearness in arrangement, cleanness in paging, the work might have come from one of the great University presses ; seven different kinds of type are to be seen on almost every page.

Forbes was well aware of the imperfection of his notes in this work, and a few months after its publication he had detected several mistakes and collected a large amount of additional information on the services contained in the volume ; this he intended to print in an appendix.

He had not gone far in preparing for the second part of the work, when his co-editor, Neale, announced that he must withdraw from the undertaking. Forbes probably was not sorry to be left to his own resources. He always found it difficult to keep step with other people, especially when they were in a hurry to see the result of their labours. Neale was a rapid writer with a facile pen, and accuracy was not his strong point. Forbes was slow because he had the scholar's dislike of attaching his name to anything that was doubtful or obscure. Moreover, Neale was obliged to write in order to support the religious community of which he was founder, and could not afford to give the time and labour which Forbes

expected of his colleague. There was no break, however, in the friendship of the two scholars, as this vivid picture by Neale of a visit to the parsonage at Burntisland clearly shows :

> Certainly Burntisland Parsonage is one of the most curious places to live in I ever knew—odder than the College, and that is saying a good deal. It stands on a high, steep bank, about a hundred yards from the sea, between which and the house, deep under a cutting, the railway station is niched in. It is a very large house, built in the old Scotch fashion, with stepped gables, some two years since ; the whole place built on a plan of Forbes's own devising—all the wood, plain unstained deal, and with the oddest mouldings. . . . Then on one side you see all the sweep of the Forth down to the sea, on the other the mountains dying away in the distance as far as Ben Lomond, and across the Strait, Edinburgh and its hills, five miles off. All the lower part of the house is taken up by the printing press ; there are four girls and three men who manage that ; the proofs are corrected by Forbes himself, his wife, and her sister, both very nice, gentle persons, and, as far as I can see, thoroughly good printers. The printing room is next to the parlour ; parlour and drawing room filled with proofs and revises and sheets printed off. The dining-room is also his study and, I assure you, mine, in its greatest state of disorder, is perfect neatness compared to that ; because, besides books and papers which he has equally with me, he has his reams of paper, press proofs and every thing connected with the printing press also. He certainly is a wonderful man. In the first place he has to supply the press with matter, to edit all the books, to give the final touch to all the printing, to teach all employed in the office, which he does diligently ; then to direct about his church (now building in the garden), to carry on the *Gospel Messenger* and to be the parish priest besides. I have told you that he is dreadfully lame ; he cannot rise from his chair without two crutches, and yet he goes down the step-ladder into the lower

printing room in a way that made me quite nervous to see. Their income is £300 a year, and I hear that he spends £200 on his Church and School. It is quite beautiful to see his wife, who was brought up as a great heiress, how cheerful she is and how she labours to help him in every possible way. There is no curtain, or paper, nor (with scarcely an exception) carpet in any of the rooms.

Freed from the necessity of consulting an ally, Forbes attacked the second part of the work on the Gallican liturgies with more confidence, and in particular grappled more closely with the problems of correct readings than had been possible in the first part.

In the course of numerous visits he had made the acquaintance of many continental scholars of the Roman Church, notably Count Montalembert, whose mother was a Forbes, the Abbé Bertrand, and J. B. Pitra, librarian of the Abbey of Solesmes. To the last named he sent the first part of the Liturgies with a request for criticism, and received the following reply :

I shall not wait just now to send you some notes on the first part of your Liturgy ; your bold and happy attempt to restore the text that M. Mone has left in such a deplorable state excites my greatest interest. I believe that one might challenge some of your restorations or suggest some other attempts. You will allow me to come back to that. If my notes do not appear to you too insignificant, you can add them to your next appendix.

But do not be offended if I add to that a double condition, first that I have the time, and then the assurance that your learned notes will not be directed against our holy and venerated mother the Catholic Church which is also the mother of your Church so unhappily separated. I have noticed that you have a fighting disposition and I see that polemics have already had a place in your writings. A public polemic against the Catholics would impose on me a reserve that you would not like. It is not that I fear to see you enter keenly into theological controversy.

When one starts with humble and generous faith, one ends always by understanding as we do. You will pardon me this digression in which I only express a wish.

Be of good courage, my dear Sir, and may God grant you strength in proportion to your generous ardour. I have several times heard of your excellent friend Mr. Marriott. I thank you for having given his friendship to me. I can hardly bear to think of his career so near the end. I should be much obliged if you would give him my affectionate sympathy at the first opportunity. Accept, Sir, the kindest regards of your humble servant

J. B. Pitra.

Before publishing the third part of the Gallican liturgies Forbes determined to visit Spain, with a view to the more intimate study of the Mozarabic rite, which is still used in Toledo, although much altered from its original form. Accompanied by Mrs. Forbes who, though not a good traveller like her husband, never dreamt of letting him go alone, he set off towards the end of August 1857 and reached Santiago on September 3rd. The following letter shows that Forbes was, as one of his friends described him, ' un voyageur indéfatigable ' :

It has occurred to me that perhaps you might like to hear how we are getting on, not that I have much to relate, for our trip so far has been comfortably uneventful. I will not occupy your time with the wondrous bugbears that were conjured up by kind friends at home to deter us from our projected expedition. As to our returning alive, that was not to be dreamt of. And indeed Faithful in Vanity Fair was the only parallel to the many deaths we were to die. The sun was to strike us down from above by a coup de soleil, and a party of Rateros were to poke at us from behind with their long knives. Insects, mentionable and unmentionable, were to haunt our beds, and as to food, half-hatched eggs, swimming in oil and imbued with garlic, were to be looked forward to with eagerness. Our passports were to consign us to

prison and our religion to hand us over to the Inquisition. Travelling (if we succeeded in travelling at all) could only be performed by riding vicious mules, and at the close of the day Eleanor would have to share the single room of the posada with a motley group of muleteers and smugglers.

Not having been a week in Spain yet, it may seem premature to halloo ; but certainly hitherto nothing could have been more pleasant than what we have met with. The utmost civility from all the officials, no trouble in the custom house, comfortable and cheap inns, good cuisine, and pleasant sights that meet us at every turn. We must, I fear, plead guilty to a rather active warfare with fleas, carried on with considerable bloodshed on one side and proportional slaughter on the other. But this is the only drawback we have had as yet. I can conscientiously recommend those who are tired of the Rhine or Switzerland, or uneasy at the disturbed state of Italy, to give this part of Spain a trial.

I must, however, say a few words as to the means of getting here. There are Spanish steamers running between London and the various ports of Spain, beginning with Santander and proceeding along the coast. But they do not start at fixed dates, and when my arrangements for coming across were made I could not get one. We were, therefore, obliged to fall back on the boats of the Peninsular and Oriental company which only call at Vigo. The admirable way in which they are managed is well known, and they give return tickets available for four months which are very convenient and would leave little to be desired if the fare were not so high, being £13 first cabin and £8 in the second, provisions included.

We left Southampton on the 27th in the *Tagus*, in company with the *Orissa*, which was going to Alexandria, and which soon left us behind, being a faster and more powerful ship, and we reached Vigo on the evening of the 30th. I fancy that even a much abler pen than mine would find difficulty in spinning a long yarn from our voyage of three days and a half. Dickens in his ' American Notes,' if I remember right, has a forcible description of his personal sufferings during

rough weather. But I am shut out even from this resource, as the much belied Bay of Biscay was as smooth as a pond during almost the whole time. For some hours on Monday it blew pretty fresh, but even then the rocking of the ship was nothing to what I have experienced dozens of times between Granton and Burntisland. I certainly cannot go so far as to say that I much enjoyed it, for the continual shaking of the engine makes every steamship disagreeable to me ; but on board a sailing vessel I should think it would have been really pleasant.

On Tuesday we came in sight of the bold coast of Gallicia, and continued to steam along it for the rest of the day. The bluff crags of which it is composed bear witness to the force of the tempests which they have to withstand ; and probably it is to the same cause that we are to ascribe the fewness of houses and villages, which must be more comfortable when sheltered from the Western blast. The weather too was as pleasant as possible, the sea breezes, though cool, bearing traces of our diminishing latitude, while at times I observed the water of a deep cobalt-blue, such as is never seen further north.

The permanent worth of Forbes' great contribution to liturgical research may be estimated from the tributes paid to his work by two scholars who followed him in the same field. The eulogy of Mr. Edmund Bishop has been quoted in the first chapter In his notes on the Bobbio Missal[1] Dom André Wilmart, O.S.B., writes : ' The comparison of the Gallican Missals should always be looked for in Forbes' publication ; but it is no less valuable for the comparison of the text of the Mozarabic Missal and the Roman books,' and quotes Edmund Bishop's dictum that Forbes is ' Facile princeps among those who have dealt with Western Liturgy in the last century.'

In the *Missale Gothicum* (H.B.S. 1917) Dr. Bannister writes :

As to the liturgical notes on the text, those in the

[1] Henry Bradshaw Society, 1924.

edition of Neale and Forbes were much fuller and better than those of their predecessors ; but their edition has long been out of print and is now very difficult to procure. Their notes however are so valuable that no scruple has been felt in reproducing nearly all of them, naturally with corrections where needed, and with additions.

And again :

The last and by far the best edition is that of J. M. Neale and G. H. Forbes in the *Ancient Liturgies of the Gallican Church*, 8vo., Burntisland, 1855 (pp. 32–150). This work was issued in parts, printed at Mr. Forbes' press, under his own supervision, and was, unhappily, never completed ; but the *Missale Gothicum* was finished in the second of the three parts actually published. By far the larger share of the work was due to Mr. Forbes, an author whose services to liturgical studies are too little known or remembered. . . . Mr. Forbes brought his own critical powers to bear on the emendation of the text and did so with considerable effect. In forty-six places the editors do not accept the corrections proposed by Mabillon, and give one of their own : in sixty other places they suggest a reading where Mabillon has left Tommasi's text unaltered ; and in the majority of cases it will be felt that they have right on their side.

These two writers seem to be unaware that Neale's contribution to the work ended with the first part. The fourth part of the Gallican liturgies must have been left by Forbes nearly ready for the press, for it was advertised in 1882 by the Rev. Walter Bell, his first librarian, as ' in the press,' but for some unknown reason the volume was never published, and the manuscript by unforgivable carelessness has been lost.

II

Deeply interested as Forbes was in liturgical studies, the work that lay nearest his heart was the publication of the writings of St. Gregory of Nyssa, one of the

Fathers of the fourth century, whose place in history is best indicated by the epithet commonly attached to his name 'brother of Basil the Great.' Did Forbes see in the relation between Gregory and Basil any resemblance to that which existed between himself and his brother, Bishop Forbes? He could hardly have failed, at least in later life, to observe a certain similarity in circumstance. Like Gregory, George Forbes was overshadowed all his life by his brother, and, like the Nyssene Father, he was willing and glad to be known as the brother of the Bishop. Like Gregory, Forbes possessed but limited qualities for the management of affairs, and like him spent his days in obscurity, while his brother Bishop Forbes, like Basil, had all the gifts of body and mind that make for success in public life. But there were also mental affinities that drew Forbes to the study of Gregory of Nyssa. The Cappadocian Father was a theologian and philosopher who had caught the spirit of Clement and Origen without the exaggeration of his masters. He was an independent thinker, yet wholly Catholic. Peace-loving and unambitious, he was yet no time-server or opportunist, and Arianism met no stronger foe than Gregory. All this appealed to Forbes, but still more the neglect and obscurity into which the works of his favourite teacher had fallen.

Before he was twenty-three George Forbes had read all the works of this Father in the original. At the age of twenty-six he was in Oxford collating a manuscript of the *Hexaëmeron*, and vexing his soul over the noise of talkers in the Bodleian which caused him to miss a good many variant readings. In the same year he collated another manuscript in the British Museum. Two years later he was in Paris examining and copying manuscripts, working on Sundays as well as on week-days by special permission of the librarian. Turin, Nancy, Venice were all visited in connection with the work. Manuscripts that he could not reach, he paid experts to collate. In this laborious work Dr. Pusey encouraged him, and defrayed the cost of collating several manuscripts. Pitra, who in Forbes' words 'had caused the ancient glory of the Order of St. Benedict to flourish again,' also lent his

aid by inspecting on his behalf several manuscripts which decided in more than one case Forbes' choice of reading.

Someone has said that the public is not interested in authorship. That may well be. But the public is interested in human beings, and I have given the foregoing details in order that my readers may have some conception of the immense pains that Forbes bestowed upon this work. One can imagine his feeling of exaltation when at length he saw the first-fruits of ten years' labour, as the first section of the works of St. Gregory passed through his own press. The printing of this book was much easier than that of the liturgies, but the text being in Greek with the Latin version on the opposite page, Forbes had to set up the Greek type himself. This he did in his study, calling for his printer to take the sticks of type, as they were finished, to the composing room. The volume contained only two of Gregory's writings, the *Hexaëmeron* and the *De Conditione Hominis*, and was a quarto of 180 pages. It was intended for scholars only, and the notes as well as the two short introductions and the title-page were written in Latin. The work is dedicated to Mr. W. E. Gladstone in recognition of 'benefits received' and in acknowledgment of the statesman's 'remarkable service in assisting and strengthening the Scottish Church and in reforming and liberating the Church of England.'

The book, which appeared as usual in paper covers, was published in 1855. It was at once recognised abroad as the first instalment of a great work, but at home it met with little appreciation. Once more Forbes had to pay heavily for the work he had done. The expense, added to that incurred in publishing the liturgies, was so heavy that even Forbes, with all his courage, was obliged to desist from his cherished plan of publishing from his own press the entire works of St. Gregory.

At this time the Abbé Migne of Paris was engaged in producing his gigantic library of patristic literature entitled *Patrologiae cursus completus*. For some reason or other the publication of St. Gregory's works had been arrested for a considerable time, and three volumes were required to complete the work. Migne was already in

communication with Oehler, a competent scholar, with a view to the execution of the parts necessary to complete the set. But at the last moment Pitra suggested Forbes for the work, and Migne was so impressed with Forbes' published contribution to the subject that he determined to risk what reputation he still held with his ecclesiastical superiors, and invite the co-operation of 'a Protestant and a heretic' in his Patrologia. With Pitra behind him he probably felt secure from censure though he was well aware that the abandonment of his priesthood for the business of editor and publisher had already made him highly unpopular with the authorities of the Roman Church. A long correspondence took place between Migne and Forbes, but unfortunately Forbes' letters have not been preserved. So clear, however, are the letters of the two French scholars that the reader may easily infer Forbes' relations with both. The first letter from Pitra shows that Oehler had provisionally agreed to undertake the work of editing for the Patrologia the three volumes of St. Gregory that had not yet been published.

Paris, June 10th, 1857.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that as I was obliged to go at Whitsuntide to a religious ceremony at some distance from Paris I did not receive your letter in time to answer it sooner.

I hasten to do so now without stopping to consult M. Migne, which would only cause another five or six days' delay, and most certainly would not lead to any definite explanation.

Arrange to come as soon as possible to Paris ; only a personal interview would be any use. I fear, however, that it may end in a definite rupture rather than in an understanding.

These are the conditions offered to M. Oehler and accepted conditionally by him :

(1) 1000 francs honorarium.
(2) The work to be entirely finished in six months.

(3) Not a single word of the old edition to be suppressed.

(4) All points of philology to be adequately explained and elucidated.

(5) Not a line to be put into this new work that could offend Catholic theology.

(6) M. Oehler's name not to appear in the title-page of the volumes ; his collaboration to be mentioned only in the preface.

(7) There remains one point unsettled:—M. Migne exacts that the edition should include all the fragments scattered in the catenae. Either they must be reproduced entirely, or collated with the edited text. M. Oehler hesitated to undertake the inspection of innumerable works which he has not got at hand.

I advised M. Migne long ago to have these copied in Paris and to put them at the disposal of the editor, whoever he might be. However the matter is not settled, and you have time to travel to Paris before anything can be decided.

If you think it necessary to have any preliminary explanation you must write direct to M. Migne. State your conditions briefly, and ask for a categorical reply.

I must request you not to tell him that I have given you the details of the proposals made to M. Oehler, himself an excellent and learned scholar and a man I should not like to harm in any way. M. Migne might think I have been indiscreet in having interposed thus freely. I have no official position in the Patrologia, I am only concerned on account of the great interest which these publications, unique of their kind, inspire and deserve.

I am rejoiced to think I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you in Paris, although necessarily the principles of your ancient Scottish Church cannot agree with the creed of our Roman Church which claims to be older still and better authenticated. However, one is always glad to confer with an eminent

man whose good faith and utter candour excuses everything and gives ground for hope.

Ever yours affec.

J. B. PITRA.
(O.S.B.)

Petit-Montrouge,
Sep. 18th, 1857.

Dear Sir,

I have received your last just when I had given up hope of ever having it, for I had been told that you had been dissuaded from doing any work for me by that extremist Dr. Routh.

Besides I have received to-day a letter from England in which they tell me that you are undeniably one of the most fervent propagators of Anglicanism, that you are in correspondence with all the enemies of Catholicism in Europe, notably with the Jansenists and the ultra-Gallicans of France, and that without doubt you will insinuate into your work many things against the Church of Rome. They add that if I had the boldness to have St. Gregory of Nyssa edited by you, the Catholic journals of the three united kingdoms [1] would announce publicly that my Patrologia was the work of a bad Catholic and that it would be put on the Index of Rome.

I take care not to believe all these exaggerations, but at least I wished to tell you about them before we concluded our agreement.

Pray excuse my frankness and accept my kindest regards.

Yours very sincerely,

J. P. MIGNE.

In the next letter Forbes is exhibited in the unusual garb of a money-maker. He did not tell Migne what the reader knows, that every penny he possessed was spent either in building his church or in meeting its expenses.

Petit-Montrouge,
Oct. 3rd, 1857.

To Dr. Forbes at Burntisland.

I am much obliged to you for your frankness and

[1] des trois royaumes-unis.

for having let me know exactly what is your opinion. I am so certain of your exactitude in the execution of your work, that I am anxious, in spite of what has been written to me, to accept your collaboration in my edition of St. Gregory of Nyssa.

But competent men have drawn my attention to the fact that to burden my edition of the Fathers of the Church with a debt of 2000 francs besides all the other incidental expenses, would make it impossible for me to recoup myself for the outlays. I know well, Sir, that the 2000 fr. you have asked is a small compensation for your trouble. If we were in a less material age, your work ought to give you a far higher honorarium. But in the times in which we live we must give of our best simply in the interests of science, not looking for any recompense. It is thus, Sir, that I have sacrificed my career in order to resuscitate in the Church the works of the Fathers, from the one desire of being useful to all by putting within their hands the means of studying her tradition.

I hope, Sir, that your zeal for the purity of the faith will prevent you from exacting from me sacrifices that I could not impose on myself. I could not offer you more than 500 francs the volume, and however small this honorarium may be, I shall never be able to cover the expenses of this edition. Therefore I cannot add to the 1500 francs in ready money the value of 500 francs in books that you ask in your former letter.

Assuming your acceptance of these terms the following will be our agreement.

1. You will furnish me with a carefully corrected and annotated text of the works of St. Gregory of Nyssa, completing the gaps of the old editions. You will indicate the principal differences between the MSS., when these differences have a real importance and when they affect a dogma, you will mention the manuscript in which they occur, in order that the reader may verify the differences by consulting the originals.

2. Neither you nor I will place any dogmatic note

in the margin or in the text. In the preface that will precede each treatise you will be careful to avoid anything that might harm the teaching of the Catholic Church. I undertake, on my side, to add nothing contrary to the doctrines of the English Church, always reserving to myself the liberty of publishing at the end of the volume notes of any kind on the older editions.

3. The Latin text will be corrected by you and harmonised with the Greek, and you will translate into Latin the fragments that will be inserted in the text.

4. We shall produce three volumes of the works of St. Gregory of Nyssa.

5. On the delivery of one copy of each volume I will send you within six months five hundred francs in a note. It will be easy for you to cash this note with either English or Scotch bankers and draw the money at your convenience.

6. I forgot to mention that we hold absolutely to the catenae that you told us you had collected already.

7. Directly I hear that you have accepted all the conditions I will send you a copy of the old edition of St. Gregory of Nyssa. You will be so kind as to return it to me when you have corrected enough copy for each volume.

Believe me, Dr. Forbes,
with kindest regards,
Yours sincerely, J. P. Migne.

P.S. I forgot one point—

The copy of the first volume must be delivered to me within two months, the copy of the second six months after, and that of the third six months thereafter.

J. P. Migne.

The next letter from Migne makes it clear that Forbes had been able so far to make his own terms, though the two men were pretty equally matched in driving a bargain.

Petit-Montrouge,
Nov. 9th 1857.

My Dear Sir,

You are wonderfully like an Englishman though I believe you are entirely Scotch. Well! I rather like this peremptoriness as it seems to me to prove that you will treat me fairly. An editor who would only give me of his best for cash, would have been contented with even less than I offer. Therefore I will give you the 1500 francs in cash and the 500 francs in books of my publication, all the other clauses of my letter will stand as before. But pray send me a prompt reply by return of post so that I may send you my copy of St. Gregory of Nyssa, because while we have been discussing terms time has been passing quickly and I fear that the gaps that your tardy volumes leave in my Patrologia run the risk of remaining wide open. This has the effect of keeping back the sale of the earliest of the finished volumes, as the majority of our subscribers refuse to accept them while the numbers are interrupted.

Father Pitra has received everything safely and sends you his kind regards and remembrances. I also wish to join him and beg you to accept this new assurance of my esteem.

(signed) J. P. Migne.

Petit-Montrouge,
Nov. 12th 1857.

Dear Sir and Collaborator,

You have realised my partiality for you and that is why you have remained so firm. In consequence I must allow you to win a third victory, that is to say that I will pay you for each of the volumes you will send me eight days after I have received it.

In case it may please you to know it, I may tell you that you are the only man in the world that I have ever allowed to beat me, and I sincerely hope that you will be the last.

Please remember that you must execute the first volume as quickly as you can. I shall produce it so

well that people will perhaps wait for the two others if I promise that they shall be as perfect. You are well aware that I have been worried for a long time by the dreadful gap in the last volumes of St. Gregory of Nyssa. My St. Chrysostom which is of later date is already half finished. You know also that buyers will not take works in which there are gaps, in consequence of which I shall have to keep back a large number of volumes to wait for yours and that these volumes will thus lock up a large sum of money. I mention this so that you may understand how important it is to me that you should keep to your promise as to dates ; in fact, I hope you will be sooner rather than later in your delivery of each copy.

I send you by rail, carriage paid, my copy of St. Gregory of Nyssa, arranged as you advised.

With kindest regards and deepest respect,

Yours faithfully,

(signed) J. P. Migne.

How an agreement that was thus all but completed failed at the last moment it is difficult to say. Forbes may have found it impossible to work to Migne's time-table of so much work per month, a part of the bargain that he could not but dislike. Migne, on the other hand, may have withdrawn owing to the threats of the Roman Catholic authorities. The rupture with the French scholar was the end of Forbes' work on St. Gregory. That his vast erudition on this subject should have been lost to the world of scholarship was indeed a tragedy.

CHAPTER VII

1855–1867

A Tragic Controversy

I

In 1852 Charles Wordsworth, Warden of Glenalmond since 1847, was consecrated Bishop of St. Andrews. His election was a curious affair. The clergy of the diocese, only fourteen in number all told, were equally divided for and against his appointment ; the laity in those days had no vote. Wordsworth settled the matter by voting for himself. Owing to some informality in the proceedings a second election was ordered, but with the same result. Wordsworth secured a majority of one in his own favour by again voting for himself, and although a protest was made, his election was confirmed by the Scottish Bishops. It was not an ideal way to enter upon the highest office of the Church, but the action was thoroughly characteristic of Wordsworth, who was nothing if not sure of himself. Forbes was among those who voted against Wordsworth, not because he was an English schoolmaster, but because he stood as the representative of that respectable and legal type of Anglicanism which regarded the non-juring tradition as an infatuation, and those who upheld it as 'living on romance'—Wordsworth's own phrase.

No greater contrast could be imagined than that which existed between the two men. Wordsworth was tall, handsome, athletic, well dressed. Forbes was a cripple who, when in public, was to be seen hiding his deformity with a shabby shawl over his knees, and wearing clothes that for seediness matched the shawl. The two men

had few ideas in common. To Wordsworth, the Church of England as by law established was everything ; to Forbes, Anglicanism was good only in so far as it was Catholic. Wordsworth thought that the Book of Common Prayer was perfection ; Forbes regarded the Prayer Book as disfigured with blemishes, some of them liturgical, others doctrinal, and all due more or less to the influence of continental Protestants on the English Reformation. Wordsworth possessed the training, but neither the accuracy nor the genius of the scholar, while Forbes by his own efforts had both. Wordsworth loved to see himself in print ; published tracts, sermons, charges and pamphlets by the dozen, and was extremely liberal in sending them to the clergy and leading laity, and to Presbyterian ministers as well. By his unceasing efforts in the cause of union with the Established Church of Scotland, he gained in a remarkable degree the ear of the Scottish public. But the Bishop, who thus constituted himself the apostle of unity and concord, was, in his own diocese, the centre of bitter, unceasing strife. Throughout the years 1856–85, a period which used to be locally described as the 'thirty years war,' his Cathedral in Perth became the very abode of discord and controversy. For twelve years the Bishop would have nothing to do with the Cathedral, refusing to enter it during that time save when some imperative duty required his presence. So stormy were the first seven years of his episcopate that he contemplated retiring to England, and even entertained in 1859 the vain hope of being appointed Principal of St. Andrews University. The cause of all the trouble was Wordsworth's deep-rooted prejudice against the Scottish party in his own diocese, and the conviction that he was divinely commissioned to bring the Scottish Church into complete uniformity with the Church of England. The rubrics of the English Prayer Book of 1662 were to him what 'orders' are in the British Army. In 1859 he even adopted the 'north end' position when celebrating, and wrote sheets on the interpretation of the obsolete rubric that appeared to enjoin the practice. He never forgot that he had been a schoolmaster, and ruled his diocese

by rubrics and canons, much as he had governed Glenalmond by the fifty rules which he framed for the boys there. In his latter years he lost much of the masterful and domineering temper which provoked the opposition of the able men in his diocese, but until well on in the seventies he was always fighting.

Between men differing so widely in temperament and outlook as well as in nationality and experience, differences were bound to arise. Much correspondence passed between the two, and Forbes preserved many, if not all the letters, and in some cases his own answers as well. Some of Wordsworth's letters make strange and painful reading. Only in two is to be found a word of genuine sympathy with Forbes' physical weakness and ill-health, and in none is there manifested a breath of interest or encouragement in his literary work. The Bishop often lectured Forbes as if he were a schoolboy who had not laid to heart the most elementary principles of Christian living. Thus, when Forbes in 1854 objected to the claim of *The Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal* to be 'the official organ' of the Church, Wordsworth agreed that the periodical had no right to such a title, but he expressed no regret for his own failure publicly to repudiate the claim, nor did he allude to the fact that the paper was, at the time, largely under his control; it was more agreeable to his nature to give Forbes a little homily on the duty of forgiveness.

In the following year the Bishop complains that Forbes' 'employment as a general publisher' is a hindrance to his work as a priest, on which follows an 'admonition, which I feel it my duty to give.' He then proves the priest, out of his own mouth, guilty of the charge of neglect, by quoting a humble acknowledgment by Forbes of his shortcomings, such as is to be seen any day in a rector's parish magazine. Forbes' reply to this letter is worth printing.

Burntisland,
July 3rd 1855.

Right Rev. Father,

I have been much grieved by the tenour of your last letter; I cannot conceive how you think that my

being a ' general publisher ' can in any degree interfere with my parochial work. In the first place I am *not* ' a general publisher.' I have never published anything that was not strictly religious. . . . But I cannot understand how my being so interferes with my other work. Thanks to the aid of my excellent wife I do not believe it has occupied me half an hour since I began. The printing no doubt does take up part of my time, but certainly not the publishing. As I mentioned in my last letter, the direct and primary object I had in view in beginning this printing was the good of the Mission. In that letter you also seem to state that you had on some former occasion made some suggestion as to my ' undertaking . . . the profession of a general publisher ' which I had not merely ' entirely disregarded ' but also ' worse than disregarded.'

I have thought most carefully over the correspondence which had passed between us prior to this date, and cannot in the least degree remember what your Reverence refers to.

At the same time, if it was the case that you had given me some advice or suggestions in which upon due consideration I could not bring myself to agree with you, I do not feel that I was doing anything inconsistent with my position as a priest of the Church in acting on my own mature conviction.

But however this may have been, I feel quite satisfied of this—that there must be some mistake or misapprehension with regard to the second and much graver charge conveyed in your words ' worse than disregarded,' as I am thoroughly convinced that I have never acted towards my Bishop in a way inconsistent with my position as a clergyman and a gentleman. Indeed were it not for this clause, I should be tempted to suppose that some letter of your Reverence's to me had miscarried, as in that letter you also mention that you had given ' reasons ' which I have no recollection whatever of having perused.

The charge that Forbes was neglecting his parish was ridiculous. Burntisland, like most of the congregations

in the diocese, was a small place ; and the Pitsligo Press, so far from being a hindrance, was an incentive to energy and enterprise ; it would have been well if other clergy in the diocese had possessed as useful an outlet for their energy as a printing press.

An extraordinary letter of the Bishop is dated September 22, 1856, but was not despatched till November 20, when it was enclosed with another letter withdrawing his 'countenance and support' from Forbes' monthly magazine on the ground that 'it stirred up strife,' which really meant that it did not always agree with the policy of the ecclesiastical authorities and with the aims that Bishop Wordsworth had in view. Forbes' reply is scathing, and incidentally exposes a great weakness in Wordsworth's character, the habit of acting on remarks dropped by his friends.

Burntisland,
Nov. 24th, 1856.

Right Rev. Sir,

I certainly was not aware till I received your letter on Saturday that up to that date the *Gospel Messenger* had been enjoying your 'countenance and support.' As however you assure me of the fact, I beg respectfully to tender you my thanks for it. I regret that you should now resolve to withdraw it, but feel quite satisfied in my own mind that you must be acting under some misapprehension, as nothing has appeared in it, that I am aware of, which deserves censure.

As a journalist I certainly claim the full liberty of discussing the public acts of public men, and consider that so long as the remarks are characterised by courtesy and fairness they have no right to complain of such criticism. But hitherto I have avoided exercising the right, even under circumstances of considerable provocation. With regard to your enclosed letter, I think that your second thoughts were decidedly the best, and that it ought not to have been sent. It certainly is to me a new view of the exercise of a judicial office to administer a 'rebuke,' not on any evidence, but merely on a 'suspicion generally

entertained here.' Such a line of action, I feel, would quite absolve any person from the necessity of making any remarks upon it whether it applied to him or not.

Allow me to add that your Reverence is much mistaken when you suppose that I entertain the least uncharitable feeling towards you. My friends in this Diocese know well that such is far from being the case. I cannot, however, fail to observe that for some time back your communications to me have assumed an irritable tone, for which I am wholly at a loss to account, however much I may regret it.

I remain,

Right Rev. Sir, Your faithful servant in Him,

G. H. Forbes.

Five days later the offer of an interview drew the following letter from Forbes :

Burntisland,
Nov. 29th, 1856.

Right Rev. Sir,

I was very glad to receive your letter containing a proposal for an interview, for I know well how much easier it often is to discuss matters in conversation than by letter. I would fain hope that it may put an end to a state of things which (believe me) has been very painful to me.

Independently of my respect for your office, I have always felt very kindly disposed to you personally, and have much wished to enjoy your friendship. Any of those with whom I am chiefly intimate in this Diocese —Mr. Humble for example or Mr. McMillan—can assure you of this. And I can mention it myself without any risk of seeming to flatter, because neither in public nor in private have I concealed my disapproval of several things you have done.

I may add as an additional reason for wishing to be not merely on civil but on cordial terms with your Reverence, that I believe you will not find many who, from a wholly independent course of study, have arrived at conclusions so nearly identical with your own on all the great doctrines of our faith.

Not a day passes without my praying very solemnly for a blessing on yourself and on your work, and specially that your heart may be inclined favourably towards myself and this Mission. I trust that there is now a prospect of this prayer being answered.

At the same time I would request your Reverence to allow me to postpone for a little my journey to Perth. About a fortnight ago, my schoolmaster took a severe mental illness, and I fear will never again be able to do his work. His wife, who is schoolmistress, is of course in great distress of mind, and far from being as efficient as usual. Were I to leave at present even for a day, it would throw an unreasonable amount of toil and anxiety upon my wife ; and I would therefore propose to wait till I get a new master, about whom I have written to Mr. Hunter in Edinburgh. It would also be very desirable that the weather should be a little warmer, as I suffer much when travelling during frost.

I have the honour to be, Right Rev. Sir,

Your faithful servant,

G. H. Forbes.

II

Two years later the Bishop wrote in a very different tone. The reason for the change is easily understood. A fierce controversy had been excited by the publication of Bishop Forbes' Primary Charge on the Eucharist, delivered on August 5, 1857. Several of the Scottish Bishops were for condemning his teaching without delay, and three of them actually put out a nebulous declaration with which Dean Ramsay and nineteen Edinburgh clergy hastened to agree. Wordsworth knew well that this was not the way to oppose the reasoned and learned thesis of Bishop Forbes. Stronger reasoning and more profound learning must be found to meet the crisis. It was idle to look for these powers from his colleagues, and, for once, Wordsworth was doubtful whether he possessed them himself. To his great surprise he found all he wanted in the very brother of the Bishop whose teaching

had provoked the strife. George Forbes was not thinking of his brother when he wrote certain articles in the *Panoply* on Eucharistic doctrine. What he had in view was the tendency of some Tractarians so to emphasise the doctrine of the Real Presence (in the direction of con- or trans-substantiation) as to misrepresent or undervalue the sacrificial view of the Eucharist. But Wordsworth saw in the articles knowledge that might be turned to account in the unhappy controversy of which Bishop Forbes was the centre. So, on the morning of August 1, George Forbes found, to his amazement, on the breakfast table this letter from his bishop :

Perth, 1858.

My Dear Mr. G. Forbes,

I thank you *very much*—and indeed I think you deserve the thanks of the whole Church for your valuable appendix to the last *Gospel Messenger*. I am much mistaken, or it will give Mr. Keble or any of that school, much ado to answer it satisfactorily. I have made up my mind at last, very loathfully, to put together some ' notes ' on the whole controversy—especially in reference to the use that has been made of the great Anglican Divines—but only with a view to private circulation and for the use of my own clergy. I shall thankfully refer for one or two passages to the present number of the *Panoply*.

For two years Wordsworth now cultivated the friendliest relations with Forbes. He hardly wrote a line on the question of the hour without submitting it to him. By letter and in person he constantly sought his advice, not only in matters of scholarship, but also in such practical matters as the retention of the Scottish Communion Office at Muthill. When at last, greatly to the distress of George, Bishop Forbes was formally accused of unsound doctrine in 1860, and Bishop Wordsworth did his best to avert the trial, few, if any, knew that George Forbes was behind him. When Wordsworth, still later, having failed in his attempt to make peace, composed the cautious episcopal deliverance on the teaching of Bishop Forbes, no one save Wordsworth himself was aware that

the incumbent of Burntisland had been consulted on the subject. Bishop Wordsworth afterwards declared that George Forbes agreed with every word of the judicial finding. No doubt he did, but he must have smiled at the concluding paragraph of the episcopal deliverance, so like a schoolmaster's concluding words to a naughty boy, in which Bishop Forbes was entreated 'to be more careful for the future so that no fresh occasion may be given for trouble and offence.' The controversy closed with little credit to any of the persons concerned, but with most to Bishop Forbes. When it ended it became clear that the harmony which for two years had existed between George Forbes and Bishop Wordsworth was based on no real community of spirit or identity of interest.

III

In 1862 there were passed by the Provincial Synod two Canons which, to Wordsworth and all the Scottish Bishops except the Bishop of Brechin, seemed likely to bring very near a millennium of peace and order to the Church. Canon XXIX enacted among other things that 'No clergyman shall be at liberty to depart from the Book of Common Prayer and administration of the Sacraments or in the performance of other Divine offices, except so far as the circumstances of this Church require, and as specified in the Canons of this Church.' Canon XXX summarily deposed the Scottish Office from its former position of primary authority, assigning to it a mere toleration in churches in which it was already in use. When Forbes was ordained the position was quite different. The Scottish Communion Office was then 'the authorised service' at the Eucharist, though the English Communion Service was sanctioned ; and in the services for Marriage, Visitation of the Sick, and Burial of the Dead, a good deal was left to the discretion of the priest.

Forbes had long been convinced that some change in the position of the English Communion Office was inevitable, and strove to secure the settlement of a difficult question by compromise and agreement. He served on

the general committee that was appointed to devise a peaceful solution of the problem, and was the author of a scheme (on the lines of the Canons of 1912) which might have satisfied all reasonable men on both sides. But the leaders of the 'English' party, headed by Bishop Wordsworth and Dean Ramsay, would have none of it, and the Canons of 1863 were passed in an even harsher form than their proposers intended.

There was much to be said for the policy of Bishop Wordsworth and his followers. The time had come for a more precise acceptance of the Book of Common Prayer than was enacted by the Canons of 1838, and there were causes at work which made the new law inevitable. In the first place, it was undesirable that clergy should be at liberty, as they were under the old Canons, to modify at their will the services of Visitation of the Sick and Burial of the Dead.

Further, certain legal disabilities were incurred by the Church for the share that Episcopalians had taken in the rising of 1745; for the removal of these an essential preliminary was the adoption of the English Prayer Book. It was hard that a priest, because he was ordained by a Scottish Bishop, should be debarred from holding a benefice in the Church of England; the very existence of such a law attached a stigma to the Scottish Church. Forbes made light of this hardship; in his view Scottish clergy should not seek lucrative posts in England but remain where they were.

As for the necessity of one complete service book, Forbes held that a much better one than the English Book could be compiled. On this point, however, he was fifty years in advance of his time. From the seventies even down to the nineties the Prayer Book was regarded—to quote Forbes' words—as 'stereotyped infallibility.' In his judgment the new Canons were entirely reactionary; for they abolished the authority of the Scottish Communion Office, imposed a degree of uniformity which fettered the liberty of the clergy, degraded the Scottish Church to the position of an outpost of the Church of England, and, worst of all, committed the clergy to doctrines that were, on his view

of the Prayer Book, a crude mixture of ultra-Romanism and ultra-Protestantism. On the last point Forbes was vehement in his protest.

The elevation of the English Office into the position formerly occupied by the Scottish altered in his judgment the basis of doctrine, and opened the door to Romanism on the one hand and Protestantism on the other. He had for long studied the Prayer Book with microscopic thoroughness. His knowledge of Roman service books was unique, and he had made a prolonged study of the works of Bucer and other Germans who had influenced the Prayer Book in 1552. It was easy for him to show that parts of the English Prayer Book were borrowed from German sources, while other parts, such as the English Consecration Prayer, were a bastard form of Romanism. What he failed to see was that the Prayer Book as a whole was in substance a Catholic service book, and that as a whole it must be interpreted. There was no essential inconsistency in accepting a Prayer Book derived from various sources, even if the sources were mutually antagonistic. Besides, he might have seen that the rigid uniformity imposed by the new Canons was bound to prove a farce, as indeed it did. In England this had actually happened already. The Oxford Movement had begun by appealing to the Prayer Book, but already a growing number of its supporters were finding it necessary to supplement and modify its prescriptions.

The Scottish Bishops failed to see that the same thing would happen in Scotland. Wordsworth was confident that, with the help of the new Canons, conformity could be enforced on every occasion, and from 1863 onwards he insisted on a strict observance of the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer. Forbes wished to obey as far as he could, and even pleaded with the Bishop to reason with him and, if possible, remove his scruples, admitting that the current of opinion was in favour of the English Prayer Book, and asking only that he, and any who sympathised with him, might be exempted from a strict conformity to the new regulation. To this appeal Wordsworth remained silent ; a wounded conscience was no affair of his.

Accordingly Forbes came out with a letter to his Bishop in which he frankly avowed his determination to defy the new Canons, stating his objections at length, and submitting the Prayer Book to the most searching and scathing criticism which in all its history it had ever received. Those who are interested in the subject will find a full account of Forbes' case in the third volume of the *Panoply*. Learning, argument, legal knowledge are all there, and along with these a literary style that never fails to make the meaning clear. 'A Scotch Episcopalian,' Forbes declared, 'I have hitherto been, and a Scotch Episcopalian I mean still to remain.' It was for his Bishop to show that the new Canons had not robbed him of his birthright. But Wordsworth, who had taken no notice of Forbes' private letters, turned a deaf ear to his public plea. Had he not himself proposed and carried the Canon that was once for all to obliterate the Scottish element in the Church and bring Scottish Episcopacy 'within the larger life' of the Church of England? There was no alternative for Forbes but to disobey and let the Bishop do his worst; but he warned his superior that he would invoke the law of the land if he interfered with his liberty, and declared his intention of testing the validity of the new regulations by an appeal to Caesar.

There has never been a controversy in which personal issues have not counted for much. There is no doubt that in this case the personal antagonism between the Bishop and the priest was largely responsible for the litigation that followed. The Bishop, it would appear, hoped that the new Canons would drive Forbes out of the ministry; for in a letter written some years later he tells Forbes that his ministry has been injurious to the Church, and that he should never have been ordained. On the other hand, Forbes made little allowance for his Bishop; he too had a conscience, and in exacting obedience to the new regulations was discharging what he believed to be his duty. On both sides there was too much law and too little love.

IV

Law, now the final arbiter of the dispute, was in no hurry to settle it. The case, 'Forbes *versus* Eden and others,' as it was technically described, dragged its weary course from the preliminaries of stating a case for counsel to the decision of the Court of Session, and finally to the pronouncement of the House of Lords, the unhappy controversy covering the years 1863 to 1867. But the law did not stop even in 1867. It went on working when Forbes was in his grave, and in the end swept away church, school, parsonage, press, leaving 'not a rack behind' of the many enterprises to which Forbes had put his hand.

Impetuous though he was, Forbes was not reckless in his fight against the new Canons. Toleration was all he asked. He began peacefully with a plea to the Primus and the Bishops, praying for special consideration for himself on the ground that when he had been ordained the Scottish Communion Office was the principal standard of Eucharistic doctrine, and that the Prayer Book as a whole was not binding. When this appeal was refused he consulted his lawyer ; for he had no mind to be his own counsel. Dr. Grub, Professor of Law at Aberdeen University, in a friendly way warned him that the case might go against him ; but when Forbes drew up the points of his case for his counsel, they were so impressed with the force of his contentions that he was encouraged to go forward. He took his stand partly on the grounds that have been stated in the previous section, and partly on the impossible plea that in enacting the new Canons the Episcopal Church had violated its own constitution.

The case came before the Court of Session first on March 18, 1865, and then in the second Division on December 8, 1865 ; and was argued at length on both sides. The Lords of Session in both Divisions gave their decision against the appellant. Forbes took the blow with great calmness, saying 'I suppose I may be wrong in holding that the church legislation of 1863 is unconstitutional, but I am not done yet.'

Not long after he spent a week of sheer delight in pulling to pieces the arguments of Mr. Young, afterwards Lord Young, and of the judges, Lord Neaves and Lord Barcaple, and published the criticism afterwards in a number of the *Panoply* now to be found in Vol. III. of that miscellany. In this *tour de force* of logic and legal knowledge he allows nothing to escape his eye ; he seizes upon every weak point in the arguments of the legal lights, and shows conclusively that, however accurate their interpretation of the Canon, they understood neither the history nor the liturgical and doctrinal matters on which their decision rested. But that is what he might well have expected, and had he realised the dulness with which the average lawyer approaches theological questions he would not have been so ready to submit himself to their mercy.

He hoped for better treatment and a clearer apprehension of the issues at stake from the House of Lords, and, heedless of the expenditure which such a step involved, on December 21, 1865, he appealed to the supreme court of the land. Wearisome delays were again interposed, and it was not until March 1867 that the case was assigned a definite date in the House of Lords. Forbes had secured the services of Sir Roundell Palmer to conduct his case, and went to London in person to assist his counsel with any help as to facts that he could give. The first interview with Sir Roundell filled him with dismay ; for it was clear to Forbes that the distinguished lawyer had grasped the details of the argument no better than his agents in Edinburgh. A second interview yielded no better results, but only served to convince Sir Roundell as well as Forbes that the points at issue were too technical for a layman. What was to be done ? On returning to Edinburgh Forbes reported his fears to his agent, and said that the doctrinal details involved in the case were too technical for any lawyer, however able ; he would plead his own case if Sir Roundell Palmer would stand by him on points of law and procedure. His Edinburgh agent advised him against such a course, but Forbes stuck to his position and had no difficulty in persuading Sir Roundell Palmer to agree.

On the appointed day Forbes, with a bundle of papers in his pocket, appeared at the bar before the Lords, who at once consented to hear his own presentation of the case. Hunched up on his crutches and holding a few notes between his fingers, Forbes began his speech, and in that awkward position would doubtless have tried to continue to the end. The Lord Chancellor, however, seeing the physical strain to which he was subjected, begged him to be seated. Forbes thanked their Lordships for this privilege and, kneeling on a chair and resting his hands on the back of it as was his habit in church, he proceeded to set forth point by point the great mass of facts, historical, theological, and legal, that constituted his case. Occasionally a question would be interposed by the Lord Chancellor, but the logical order of the speech was so complete that the Lords had little difficulty in following the course of the closely reasoned argument. Only at the exposition of the Eucharistic doctrine of the Scottish Communion Office did they find themselves at a loss. To them the current phrase ' Real Presence ' seemed to express in a popular way that for which Forbes seemed to be contending, and Lord Westbury at this point interrupted him with the remark ' That implies, Mr. Forbes, that you believe in the doctrine of the " Real Presence." ' ' No, my Lord,' was the reply, ' I might, with as much ground, say " the real absence." ' A modern reader might infer that this was just a piece of clever flippancy on the part of Forbes. It was not. Forbes would have loathed the smart jargon that is not uncommon in Anglican pulpits to-day. What he meant was that the popular phrase ' Real Presence ' was misleading, and he quickly furnished the Lords with quotations to prove that the Fathers, in speaking of the change effected on the bread and wine by consecration, repeatedly insist on the absence of Christ's human nature.

According to an eye-witness, Forbes' speech was a masterpiece of calm and lucid exposition. It took five hours to deliver, and during the whole time the speaker never had to read either from a printed book or document, or even to look at his notes. At the close he was complimented by the Lord Chancellor on his able handling

of the case. His attempt, however, to prove that, in changing its relation to the Scottish and English Communion Offices and in adopting the entire English Prayer Book, the Scottish Church was acting *ultra vires*, failed. Judgment was given against him. Forbes took his defeat like a man and a Christian, and thenceforth acknowledged that the legality of the Canons of 1863 was indisputable. To submit to the Canons or to withdraw from the ministry seemed now the only choice open to him.

V

But Forbes had no intention as yet of adopting either alternative. At the next meeting of the Synod of his diocese he publicly announced that he no longer questioned the legality of the Canons, but begged for the support of the Synod in an effort to make the Canons of 1863 a little less rigid. Though his appeal to the secular court had alienated all sympathy with his views, his criticism of the Canons and his plea against the rigid acceptance of the Prayer Book which it implied, were so convincing that a committee was appointed to confer with him on the subject.

The members of the Committee in due course appeared at the parsonage on November 9, 1867, and discussed the difficulties which weighed on Forbes' conscience. They had a second meeting with Forbes on January 17, 1868, and on that day drew up a short report, in which they agreed that there were some matters in the Canons of 1863 on which another Provincial Synod of the whole Church might usefully legislate ; but they firmly declined to go further in the matter. This report seemed to justify Forbes in the hope that extreme measures would not yet be taken against him. But when the Diocesan Synod met, a motion of which no notice had been given was submitted, requesting the Bishop ' to see that the law of the Church in Mr. Forbes' case be adopted unless within three months he withdraw his expressed determination to disobey the Canons.' This extraordinary resolution, though it contradicted flatly the Synod's previous decision, was carried without a dis-

sentient voice. Forbes was not prepared for it and could only protest against its injustice. He believed that all but a few of the clergy present were taken unawares ; but very probably they were all tired of the whole business and thankful to put an end to it.

Had matters been allowed to take their natural course Forbes might have been expelled from the ministry of the Church ; but at the critical moment one of his friends, though by no means a supporter of his views, the Rev. Gilbert Rorison of Peterhead, intervened. With great prudence he paid a visit to the parsonage at Burntisland and saw, not Forbes, but his wife. Some correspondence with Mrs. Forbes followed, and Mr. Rorison drew up a form of submission which Mrs. Forbes persuaded her husband to accept. But Bishop Wordsworth harshly insisted that Forbes should withdraw his severe strictures on the Prayer Book, and agreement for a time seemed impossible. Mr. Rorison, however, persisted in his rôle as peacemaker in spite of the unreasonableness of both the Bishop and his priest, and in the end secured a compromise. ' I agreed,' writes Forbes, ' to sign the following document. My friend persuaded the Bishop to accept it ; although I neither abandon or suppress my opinions nor modify my ritual ' :

Submission and Apology of Rev. G. H. Forbes

(I)

When I made my Declaration at the Synod of Nov. 67, excepting Canon 29 from the full and unreserved obedience which I promised to the rest of the Code, I did so under the impression that it laid upon us the duty of (1) reading the 1662 Burial Service, exactly as it stands, over the bodies of all baptized persons not suicides ; and (2) of agreeing unqualifiedly with all the contents of the English Prayer Book, including the Absolution in the Visitation Service.

Persons whose opinions are entitled to respect assure me that this view of the meaning of the Canon is overstrained ; and upon this understanding, and

MRS. FORBES.

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taking the two points already mentioned as types of the rest of my difficulties, I withdraw what I said about my not obeying it.

(II)

I think it quite possible that in the heat of controversy I may have used expressions needlessly strong when speaking of certain portions of the Book of Common Prayer. I regret much that I have thereby grieved persons whom I respect. Several of these expressions I have already withdrawn when revising my pamphlet on 'the Doctrinal Errors and Practical Scandals of the E. P. B.' for the beginning of the new series of the *Panoply*. For instance, that title no longer appears. If my Articles come to another edition, I shall revise them again, to see whether other expressions may not be softened down without affecting their main purport. And in what I may write hereafter on this subject, I shall bear in mind that the English Prayer Book has now been adopted by the Scotch Episcopal Church.

To demand that Forbes' explanation of his conduct should be styled a 'submission and apology' was contemptible, but it pleased Bishop Wordsworth, and the Synod could not well insist on more generous treatment of their erring brother than was required by their Bishop.

CHAPTER VIII

The 'Panoply'

Entangled though he was in the meshes of the law, Forbes was not less but, if possible, more energetic both with his pen and with his press during those unhappy years of controversy. No emergency, however grave, could arrest the activity of his tireless brain. Any morning of the week he might be seen on the boat to Edinburgh journeying to consult his lawyers, but by five o'clock in the afternoon he was back in his study, busy with the composition of an article or with the correction of proofs. He made time even to continue, although he had to curtail, his summer visits to foreign libraries. In 1865, immediately after he had appealed from the Court of Session to the judgment of the House of Lords, he paid a hurried visit to Rome in search of manuscripts ; in the following year he was at Grenoble in the south of France collating, and in 1867 at Toledo examining manuscripts there. The third part of the Gallican liturgies was published at the very time when the law was threatening him with utter disaster ; the fourth part was in hand and might have been finished, if Bishop Wordsworth's refusal to license a curate for Burntisland had not compelled Forbes to cut down to a minimum his visits abroad.

Forbes, however, without the liturgies, had more than enough to keep him incessantly at work. He had already begun a commentary on the book of Ecclesiastes designed on a great scale ; he was collaborating with his brother in the publication of the Drummond Missal, and he was writing lengthy articles on a variety of subjects for the theological periodical which he called the *Panoply*.

I

This magazine, more than any other of his works, reveals the mind of George Forbes both in its working and in its settled convictions. It exhibits also the character and spirit of the man himself ; for in occasional articles intended for the general public he could write with more freedom than was possible in a treatise. The *Panoply* contains the theology of a first-rate journalist who was also a great scholar. Often the journalist is lost in the scholar, but on the whole the combination of clear and often pungent journalism with profound learning is admirably maintained.

For the origin of the *Panoply* we must turn back to *The Gospel Messenger*. As early as 1856 he discovered that his monthly magazine was too mild for the times. Being no more than an edifying journal for the average churchman, it had little or nothing to say on the great questions that were disturbing and agitating the religious atmosphere of the time. Its object was to avoid controversy of every kind, and in pursuing this policy Forbes was often obliged to close his lips when he was on fire to speak.

On all hands tendencies were at work which appeared to make clear thinking on religious questions a hopeless dream. Carlyle was the prophet of the hour, rousing the public mind out of intellectual sleep, but raising more doubts than he laid. Science, with Darwin and Tyndall at its head, was at last finding a voice that reached the public ear, and establishing facts and theories destined to excite a quarrel with religion which can hardly be said to have ended even to-day. In Scotland the controversies that preceded and followed the Free Church Disruption of 1843 had embittered the religious life and poisoned the Christian atmosphere of the people. Like other bodies, the Scottish Episcopal Church had suffered heavily from internal strife, but compared with the turmoil of the Presbyterian Churches it seemed to outsiders almost a haven of peace.

Intelligent Presbyterians, especially those with English

connections, began to look to the Episcopal Church for that spiritual peace which they failed to find in their own communion. To them, wearied as they were with religious controversy, practical benevolence and the spirit of charity appeared worthy substitutes for creed and doctrine. Not a few Episcopal clergy sympathised with this plausible attitude, among them Dean Ramsay, a name honoured far beyond the boundaries of Episcopacy. He had built up a flourishing congregation by his studious moderation on questions of the hour, and it was not unnatural that other clergy of inferior metal should see in his attitude the speediest road to ministerial success. It became fashionable to ignore differences between Christian denominations. A decent service on Sunday, accompanied by an amiable discourse, was the quickest method of filling a church and letting its pews.

There were also men, like Bishop Wordsworth, who believed that the times were ripe for a union between the Established Church of Scotland and the Scottish Episcopal Church on the basis of a moderate Episcopacy, and who were eager to silence awkward questions that might endanger this great possibility. Others with lower ideals were willing to set doctrinal questions aside in order to win adherents. Charity covered a multitude of sins ; so they could console themselves, if their conscience troubled them about the Athanasian Creed, Confirmation, Baptismal Regeneration, prayers for the departed, Eucharistic doctrine, and the like.

To Forbes all this appeared nothing less than a darkening of the light of truth and a severing of the nerve of sincerity. It seemed to him an outrage on decency to encourage a Presbyterian to 'join the Episcopal Church,' as the phrase went, on false pretences. He determined that the conspiracy of silence should be broken. This was the original object of the *Panoply* : to maintain Church principles in their entirety, and to state the case for them against Geneva and Rome alike.

At first Forbes was content to add a short appendix to *The Gospel Messenger*, which could be bought separately for three-halfpence. The monthly numbers were afterwards collected and bound together into a volume of

some 300 pages. The first volume deals for the most part with questions on which Presbyterians and Episcopalians are divided, and it was these articles that specially irritated Bishop Wordsworth. Next year Forbes found it necessary to turn the *Panoply* (the whole armour of truth) against error in his own Church.

The tide of the Oxford Movement was at this time rising rapidly. In Scotland it was slowly making its way, especially among those who had been trained in the non-juring tradition. The doctrines of Newman, Pusey, and Keble were substantially those of Rattray and Jolly, but with a difference ; and it was this difference that Forbes sought to make plain in the pages of his magazine. He had no wish to see either the Catholic principles of his Church tinctured with English elements, or its practice conformed to English standards. He regarded his own brother as too docile a follower of Keble and Pusey. With all his respect for Pusey he had no doubt that in speaking of the 'Real Presence' and 'adoration' in the Eucharist he went further than the facts warranted. He believed that Pusey was mistaken also in claiming the Book of Common Prayer as a satisfactory witness to Catholic truth. Accordingly, the second volume of the *Panoply*, while it continues to fight Protestant negations, is aimed also at exposing the weakness of some of the Catholic affirmations of Dr. Pusey, John Keble, and others.

From what has been said it might be inferred that the *Panoply* was no more than a series of controversial tracts. To some extent this is true of the first volume and also, though in a much less degree, of the second. But in the third and fourth volumes, which came out in irregular numbers from the year 1866 to 1871, the articles are treatises rather than tracts, some of them running to more than 200 pages. These numbers when bound up made two stout octavos of 800 pages each.

It would be tedious to describe in detail the contents of these volumes ; but it should be mentioned that while Forbes accepted articles from his friends in the first two volumes, he himself wrote every word of the sixteen hundred pages in the last two, working steadily

throughout the period when, as he says, 'the sword of Damocles was hanging over his head' and threatening his ministry with destruction.

II

It is in these articles that the merits and demerits of Forbes as a theologian appear. On the whole it must be acknowledged that the latter are more conspicuous than the former. He raises expectations in the reader which he seldom succeeds in satisfying. Thus, in reading his article on 'The Christ,' one is instantly struck by the originality and the spiritual insight of the writer as well as by his massive learning ; the treatment, too, is for the time astonishingly modern in the emphasis which is laid on the reality of Christ's human nature. The reader is thus led to look for some light on the problem of Christology. But Forbes disappoints the hopes he excites by going off into a dissertation about baptism into the name of Christ, which again leads him into an elaborate argument proving the spuriousness of the passage about the heavenly witnesses in the first Epistle of St. John, and the article ends with a dissertation on the gift of Tongues ! Similarly, in a very original article on Justification, after he has aroused interest to a high pitch by coining the verb 'to enrighteous' for 'justify,' he deserts his main theme for a special excursus on St. Paul's Old Testament illustrations, and then proceeds to enlarge on the early chapters of Genesis, Lamech and his children, and the sin of Babel. At long last he returns to St. Paul and the Epistle to the Romans with a penetrating gift for exposition ; but even then, finding himself faced with the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, off he goes to prove that Apollos wrote it. The reader's irritation is increased rather than diminished by the ability displayed in these divergences from the main point.

A tendency to discursiveness was a leading characteristic of Forbes' mind ; it appears in all his works except the liturgies and the text of St. Gregory, where necessity compelled him to keep rigidly to the point. The

moment he embarked on theology, his restless inquisitive mind darted off into narrow sidetracks and explored them to the end. In the *Panoply* there was some excuse for gratifying this peculiarity ; for Forbes was obliged to compose his articles by instalments and was often carried away by the interest of the moment without much regard to continuity of treatment. In fact the *Panoply*, especially in the two last volumes, may be regarded as a repository into which was packed the substance of a scholar's daily reading and thought.

How varied that reading was and how profound the thinking, may be gathered from the perusal of any one of the longer articles. In these Forbes moves about among the Fathers of the first six centuries like a contemporary. He knows the current theological literature not only of England and Scotland but also of France and Germany, though he does not share the growing deference then paid to German scholars. He quotes Hugh Miller's geological writings as well as the works of John Stuart Mill, Strauss, and Colenso ; he refers to Darwin's *Origin of Species* with respect, and to the works of F. D. Maurice with dissent. He is interested in philosophy, and like his master, St. Gregory, is fertile in speculation. Fiction and biography appeal to him, especially a good biography, which he says is 'harder to write than Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.' The *Panoply* enables us to discern and admire the wide and rich culture which Forbes had acquired. No doubt much of his theology belongs to a bygone age. Even the sacramental teaching is hardly congenial to the modern spirit ; it is too reserved for the Catholic, too definite and forcible for the Protestant mind.

In another field of theological study the *Panoply* bears witness to a gift for which Forbes received no credit whatever in his lifetime. I refer to his qualities as a commentator on Scripture. With Forbes it was a daily practice, laid upon him by his ordination vows, to read and study definite portions of Scripture, and he went about the duty with all the thoroughness of which he was capable. To the task of reading and weighing the Scriptures he brought Lexicon and Concordance, the

two elementary necessities of real study, as well as a notebook and a pen. 'Writing,' says Bacon, 'maketh an exact man.' Forbes filled notebooks with the results of his labour, though he confined this written work to obscure and difficult passages.

Many of these expository notes he published in the *Panoply*, especially selecting those on which Alford and other modern commentators appeared to be wrong. His interpretations are like searchlights making obscurity luminous with meaning, and they are so fresh and living that, whether we agree with them or not, they are fascinating to read.

Forbes, as we have seen, was a great linguist. Though not a Hebraist of the first rank, he had probably read more Greek than any man of his time, while his knowledge of patristic Greek was an admirable equipment for understanding the Hellenistic language of the New Testament. His linguistic powers are evident on every page of these expository notes. But he makes no fetish of minor distinctions of language; his one object is to elicit an intelligible meaning from a passage in relation to its context, and he has the rare gift of communicating this object to the reader, so that he also is made to feel that obscurity must yield to lucidity. In the *Panoply* there is sufficient material of this kind to make a volume of two hundred and sixty pages. Such was the way in which Forbes, when at home, made use of a single hour on six days of the week.

What the circulation of the *Panoply* was it is impossible to say, but it certainly was not large. He had not a hundred readers in Scotland, but it seems that a fair number of English readers appreciated the miscellany. Probably Forbes' regular audience did not number more than three hundred in all. That would not greatly depress a man who was content to preach to twenty or thirty every Sunday, and who counted fifty or sixty a large congregation.

III

The following extract from one of his earlier articles is here printed, partly to convey to the reader some con-

ception of Forbes' power in the rôle of the scholarly journalist, and partly also to provide in his own words Forbes' view of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, a doctrine which he regarded as of primary importance. The article, which will be found in Vol. II, p. 353, was written after the condemnation of the teaching of the Rev. Patrick Cheyne of Aberdeen in 1858.

So long as the case of Mr. Cheyne was pending, we felt that it would be more respectful to the Courts by whom he was being tried, to abstain from any comment upon it. And accordingly in the various papers that have appeared in these pages upon the subject of the holy Eucharist, we have neither quoted from nor alluded to his Sermons. But now that the judgment of the highest ecclesiastical tribunal which God's providence at present allows us, has finally settled the case, so far as it can be settled by those to whom He has committed the keys of binding and loosing, we feel at perfect liberty to deal with the publications connected with the trial on the same footing as any other theological documents, and will proceed to make a few remarks upon them, chiefly with reference to the positions maintained in his Reasons of Appeal with regard to the Ancient Liturgies.

With regard to the Liturgies of the early ages of the Church, we would first observe that there are few subjects which it is more dangerous to 'get up' for a particular occasion. Full as they are of records of the deepest and most sacred teaching of the Church, they must be *studied*. We wish they were more generally studied by our divines than they are. They deserve it, but they require it. It will not do to skim them over, still less to take extracts at second-hand, if we really wish to be imbued with the faith and the devotion of the Primitive Christians.

Yet this is what Mr. Cheyne has done; and without entering into the question of how far it was respectful to the Court before whom he was pleading, to give them second-hand authorities which he had not even taken the pains to verify, we may remark that it has

led him into the gross mistake of quoting a single document under different names without recognizing its identity.

Passing from the personal question, as a matter of less moment, let us proceed to the defence of doctrine by Mr. Cheyne.

After 'taking it for granted,' as he well may, 'that there is a sacrifice in the Eucharist, and that we do offer that sacrifice upon the altar' (p. 18), he proceeds to state his view of the question before the Court: 'The only question is, in what that Sacrifice consists. Is it an offering of mere bread and wine? or is it the offering to the Eternal Father of the Body and Blood of His Son, under those symbols in which He hath vouchsafed to make Himself present to us? In other words, is it the same sacrifice which Christ once made upon the cross, and which He is for ever offering in heaven? or is it a *different* sacrifice?'

We note in passing the unfair statement of the case, by the omission of that view of the Eucharistic Sacrifice which has been taught by the Scotch divines for the last century and a half, that it is an offering not of mere bread and wine, but of bread and wine as the representatives of and substitutes for Christ's absent Body and Blood. But let us go on: 'If it be a different Sacrifice, then it contradicts the Thirty-first Article, which declares that, "The Offering of Christ once made is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is none other satisfaction for sin, but that alone."'

Now certainly we have all along believed and taught that the sacrifice of the Eucharist is a different sacrifice from that of the Cross, inasmuch as they differ in the offerers, in the things offered, and in the ends for which they are or were offered; the only point of identity between them being that both are or were offered to the true God, the Blessed Trinity. And we are quite unable to see how the Article, even if taken in its literal and grammatical sense, bears at all upon our doctrine. It speaks of 'the offering of Christ *once*

made,' meaning of course a real and substantial presence of Christ. To us this does seem to contradict the idea of those who say that He is offered in reality in every Eucharist, but to leave us quite free to hold that there are offerings of other things which may be often made. It declares that this offering of Christ of which it is speaking 'is that perfect redemption, propitiation and satisfaction, for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual.' God forbid that any of us should ascribe any such effect as this to the commemorative sacrifice of the antitypes of Christ's Body and Blood. And lastly, it asserts that there is nothing superfluous in the institutions of the Gospel, since 'there is none other satisfaction for sin but that alone.' But how does this interfere with our teaching that there must be on our part the offering of another sacrifice to procure a personal application to ourselves of the grace of Christ?

From this assertion he proceeds to another quite as extraordinary. 'No other sacrifice [than that of our Lord Himself] *can* be presented before the face of our Father in heaven with the assurance of acceptance.'

This he reiterates further on: 'Still our Lord has an "unchangeable priesthood," consequently He must have somewhat to offer; and as there is *nothing but Himself which God will accept*, there must still be a way in which He is offering that one sacrifice; and therefore the Eucharist may belong to that way' (p. 35).

This would be quite consistent with the belief of those who teach that every good work is a deadly sin; but how any other could have written the above sentences does surprise us. Not to speak of that offering of our whole 'selves, our souls and bodies,' which is performed throughout a consistent Christian course, we say broadly and unhesitatingly, that *every* particular act of self-denial, however trifling, is, if done in a right spirit, a sacrifice well-pleasing to God for Christ and through Christ. And most especially are those gifts which we bring to the altar pleasing to God

on account of Him Whose death they are appointed to plead.

So far we have been dealing with mere assertions, which are as easily denied as made. We next come to the one single argument which Mr. Cheyne has brought forward.

The argument is this—The Eucharist is offered to procure forgiveness of sins ; therefore it must be the same as the sacrifice of the Cross.

We are surprised that he should not think it necessary to make even an attempt to connect these two positions. The first we willingly grant ; but how the second can be proved to be a necessary consequence of it, we are quite unable to conceive, and certainly Mr. Cheyne does not tell us.

We teach that God has bestowed on each of the sacraments the power of conveying remission of sins —on Baptism a full and complete power ; on the Eucharist a more qualified one. And that the fitness of this appointment arises from the fact, that they are each images or representations of the death of Christ, which merited and purchased this grace to us ; Baptism as being an image of the death, burial and resurrection of Christ, as an act ; the Holy Eucharist as being an image of the things, the Body and the Blood of Christ, and as such offered representatively to God. But the one is no more the reality of His Body and Blood or of His sacrifice, than the other is the reality of separation between soul and body, as when He truly died.

Throughout his paper Mr. Cheyne says many depreciatory words about an offering of bread and wine as representatives and memorials of Christ's Body and Blood. He speaks of it as a thing of no dignity or value ; not entitled to those epithets which the Fathers and the Liturgies apply to the Eucharist. But to our mind, this intrinsic valuelessness of this sacrifice is one reason of its exceeding value. It makes it (so to speak) quite transparent. There is nothing in it to hinder us from looking through it and beyond it to that which it represents.

This is one of the reasons of its greater excellence than the sacrifices of the old dispensation, which were many of them intrinsically very valuable. Let us take a comparison from earthly friendship. We may receive from a departing friend some costly and beautiful trinket as a remembrance of him during his absence ; but as time passes and memory fades, there will be a danger that we should come to value the keepsake for itself, at least in part, instead of thinking solely of the giver. And at any rate, a casual bystander will never think except of what he sees, and will not be led to suppose that the valuable object of art has any hidden use or worth.

But if the remembrance be in itself of no value, this danger will be avoided. So long as we prize the gift at all, it must be for the sake of the giver. Let us suppose it a portrait, of no great value as a work of art, but recalling to the eye of affection the features which we have loved or revered ; then not only we ourselves but all who see us setting store by it, are at once impressed with the idea that there is some one absent or some past circumstance which makes us so act.

Surely it is a most false and most dangerous principle to introduce into theology, to assert that there must always necessarily be some intrinsic adequacy in the means which God employs to bring about an end ; to say that the Almighty cannot effect some particular object except in a way which approves itself to our understandings. Yet this is what Mr. Cheyne seems to consider so obvious as not to require a word of proof or even of explanation.

Yet even on his own ground we would join issue with him, and maintain that it is quite fitting and reasonable that the offering and receiving of the commemorative sacrifice should procure to us remission of sins. If even mere verbal prayer will do this, how much more when we pray by means of the appointed symbols of the Lord's death, showing it forth to the Blessed Trinity ? And then, when we not merely offer the sacrifice but partake of it also, by Christ's

appointment and according to His institution, we have communion and fellowship with Him to Whom we have offered it, and are made friends with Him, which cannot be without the remission of our sins.

This is the true explanation of the power of remission of sins which the Eucharist possesses. But it has a power beyond this which must not be confounded with it : a power of healing from and cleansing away the stain of sin as well as remitting the guilt of it. And this seems to proceed not so much from its general character of a sacrifice, as from the special dignity which God bestows upon it in particular, by so blessing it as to make it the Body and Blood of Christ in virtue and effect.

CHAPTER IX

The Two Brothers

I

It is a misfortune that, in deference to wishes expressed by himself, no full biography of Bishop Forbes has yet been written, though brief sketches of his life have been published. The story of his career, although little more eventful than that of his brother, would have been full of interest.

The Bishop, like his brother, was a great traveller on the Continent, where he made friends with notable scholars ; he was in close touch with the leaders of the Oxford Movement, especially Pusey and Keble, was an intimate friend of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, and gained an influence and a popularity in Dundee such as a prince might envy. Though incumbent of the largest Episcopal church in Dundee, as well as Bishop of the diocese of Brechin, he contrived to spend a considerable amount of time in study, became an authority in Scottish hagiology, and published theological books that are still valued, notably a work on the Thirty-Nine Articles. He contributed also numerous articles to magazines and church papers, and was seldom without some literary enterprise on hand.

Engrossed in a great variety of occupations and burdened besides with a large correspondence, the Bishop had little time to visit his brother in Burntisland, though the train could take him from Dundee to that place in three hours. As a rule he preferred to go and see George when, visiting Edinburgh on church business, he stayed with his relatives in Ainslie Place. From Granton Pier it was only a half hour's sail to Burntisland,

but even that was too much for the Bishop in winter. In rough weather the Firth of Forth can run high enough to make the boat roll and toss, and the Bishop was no sailor. 'My dear George,' he writes from Edinburgh on one occasion, 'I am sorry to think that I am going away without having got a sight of you again, but you know my feelings about your ferry and also how difficult it is to get anything done out of this rather bustly house.' The 'bustly' house was the house of his family whose members so idolised him that he could hardly escape from their attentions. Thus, at both ends, there were obstacles to frequent intercourse, but in spite of difficulties and engagements no year was allowed to pass without one or two visits to the parsonage in Burntisland, and in between the visits a steady stream of short letters passed between the two brothers.

They had much in common. They were at one in single-eyed devotion to the Scottish Church, they had like interests in theological studies, and, while both were saintly in character and ascetic in practice, the Bishop was as human as his brother in artistic taste, in sound common sense, and especially in charm of manner and appreciation of fun. Yet when they were seen together the difference between the two was even more apparent than the likeness : George in his chair, with his hands resting on his writing-board, a fragile figure, deferential to his elder brother as a chief pastor of the Church ; and the Bishop opposite, tall and commanding, with raven-black hair, and a strong, heavy face lined by suffering, out of which dark, penetrating eyes looked at his brother with the affectionate glance of the strong for the weak. The talk would turn first on the affairs of the family and its far-spreading connections, for George liked to hear the latest news of his kinsfolk. When the conversation moved to ecclesiastical matters, the difference in outlook between the two brothers at once became evident. George was the stronger Scotsman of the two ; the Bishop the more cosmopolitan Catholic, open to impressions from England and attracted by forms of devotion from Rome.

Had they not argued, they would not have been Forbeses. In debate they were well matched, but when

it came to definite facts the Bishop was at the mercy of his more learned brother, and knew it. George would tell him that such a phrase as 'The Real Presence' might be useful for purposes of devotion but it was an ambiguous phrase for theology; it was time a new one was invented if the language of the Fathers had gone out of date. Rome, he would continue, might teach them much, but its theology of the Blessed Sacrament was an accommodation to sentimental devotion rather than a constructive doctrine founded on Scripture and primitive tradition. From that George would proceed to pour scorn on the weak sentimentalism of modern hymns, and show that unsound theology leads to fanciful devotion, which in turn produces still worse doctrine. On such a subject the Bishop had plenty to say in reply, his line being to insist that non-juring theology of the eighteenth century was out of date in the nineteenth; George might keep his non-jurors, he himself preferred Pusey and modern Catholics. 'Yes,' George would rejoin, '*modern* Catholics; I am happy with the Catholics of the undivided Church.' 'Now, George,' the Bishop at last would say, 'we have had enough of this. We are both right. But just put your mind now to this quotation from St. Augustine.'

And then the Bishop, with the humility that made him great, would sit at his brother's feet, as the latter discoursed on the reference in the Father for the Bishop's book on the Articles, or quoted an illustration from a liturgy bearing on a point. The Bishop, however, though ready enough to take a fact from his brother, stuck with the tenacity of a Forbes to his own inference from the fact. Independence was a marked feature in the characters of both.

Here is an early letter from the Bishop, written to his brother shortly after he had settled in Burntisland, in which George is given the episcopal style of 'Insula Cremata'—'burnt island.'

1849.

Dearest Insula Cremata,

I have found three other French catechisms. Shall I send them by rail? When do you think yours will

be ready, as if not in time I will give the Catterline children a few copies of Bertrand's—otherwise I would wait for yours.

I am thinking of drawing up a fourpenny manual of prayer, and my prime difficulty is about prayer for the dead. The difficulty has accompanied me through the *Companion to the Altar*, and you see how I have attempted to manage it. On the one hand, one of course wishes to have it used—on the other hand its introduction would almost shut off the use of the book, even among our devoutest laity. Mr. Thom who is with me (and who is very Catholic) seems to fear the insertion of anything of the kind and yet I would wish much to introduce it. Have you any suggestions to make? And would you look at the form of self-examination in the *Companion* and see if I have missed anything out. Lastly, would you advise me to publish with Brown or with Lendrum?

I have good Mr. Thom with me for nearly a fortnight; 'è vero savio ed anche christiano.'[1] His acquiescence in Mr. M.'s appointment is quite heroic. Not so some of the others. But I think I have done right, 'ante omnia necessarium est—Catholica fides.'

I am doing no earthly good here. The people seem dead and the necessity of attending to the Diocese interrupts any steady work, while I feel I don't do half the work in the country I might do, if more at leisure; and yet with our democratic constitution I dare not give up Dundee. We should have a split. I wish you would tell me where I could find some of the long liturgical commemorations of the early Church. I think they might do for intercessional prayers in the Manual.

Believe me your loving brother,

Q.[2]

The perfect understanding between the brothers continued unbroken to the end; but its harmony was marred, first during the years 1857–60 when the Bishop's orthodoxy was attacked, and, next, from 1863 till 1868,

[1] Truly wise and also Christian. [2] Family nickname of the Bishop.

when George in his turn became, in effect if not in title, the 'heretic.'

II

It is unnecessary to describe the events that finally resulted in the trial of Bishop Forbes for publishing in his Primary Charge advanced teaching on the Eucharist. To the Bishop it was a great sorrow that his brother should even appear to side with Bishop Wordsworth, 'whose bitter animosity,' as he said, 'has almost grown into a fanaticism, of which the bent is that he has an apostolate to put me and those who think with me down.' George, however, had no sympathy with this 'heresy hunt'; and, as the following letters show, he used every possible means to save his brother from a public condemnation. The letters are arranged chronologically, and the reader should note that the last letter was written when Bishop Forbes had been actually cited for trial.

Burntisland,
16th Jan. 1858.

My dear Bishop,

I am sincerely sorry for your troubles, of the renewal of which I had heard from Helen. I had hoped that it had all blown over, but no doubt it is better as it is. I hope truth will prevail. You know that I cannot conscientiously say that I wish your precise views so to prevail as to become obligatory. But I should greatly deprecate at present *any* attempt to define the mystery. Let us discuss and argue reverently and with Christian forbearance of each other and with diffidence of our own powers fully to grasp so great a doctrine—but we are grievously far short of being ripe for any definition. The tone of the Church (I mean clergy and laity both, the whole 'redempta civitas') must be immensely raised before we begin to look into the ark, and that must be done by more frequent and especially more of early Communion.

By the way, if you are revising your Charge I wish you would reconsider your calling Bishop Guest's letter

a 'state paper.' I doubt the propriety of this. If W. E. Gladstone when in office had tried to smooth matters between Dr. Pusey and somebody else, that would not make every little 'wee' letter, that the blessed saint wrote him on half a square inch of paper, a 'state paper.' The letter is most important, but don't you think exaggerated language takes away from its effect? Better understate than overstate.

I think you are perfectly right in your position not to show up the Bishop of Argyll (Ewing). As to his having a vote, your 'cut up' would not take it away, but would only embitter him against you and your opinions. And it would not affect a living creature's views. It is quite different when a man who is looked up to, propounds heterodoxy. Then, if you can show him to be inconsistent, it *may* diminish his influence for ill; but here the poor bishop is a mere appendage to others, and it is *them* whom you must attack.

I am very glad that you have noticed the unsatisfactoriness of the Roman theologians about the Sacrifice. My theory, you know, is that their two novelties of transubstantiation and concomitancy have ousted the primitive doctrine of the propitiatory Melchizedekian Sacrifice, and I mean when reviewing Keble to try to show that his view of 'the adoration' and Pusey's of the 'real presence' arise from not giving due weight to the sacrificial character of the Eucharist. A sacrifice is a means of worship. Taking it as it were in our hands we draw near to the throne of grace on high. But if you worship what is on the Altar, you destroy its character as an altar, and change it into the unapproachable throne of God's Majesty.

Following out this train of thought you may observe that where moderns (both Roman and Anglican) speak of consecrating the Eucharist, which primarily conveys the idea of the 'real presence' with or without transubstantiation, the Fathers generally speak of offering it, their great idea being the material sacrifice.

Acting upon these views I will specially remember you to-morrow morning at the altar, that He, to

Whom I go for the sake of that which I bring, will lead you into all truth and will give you courage and constancy to suffer, if need be and if the Church be worthy to have a suffering champion.

I hope you will send me your Charge again, should it come out in an enlarged form. I am busy for this coming *Panoply* making out lists of Latin Fathers who teach Christ's descent into Hell to deliver the old Patriarchs. It is, as you know, one of my favourite hobbies, and I want to make a little variety in the *Panoply* subjects.

Write me soon again if you have time.

Yours affec.

G. H. Forbes.

Burntisland,
2nd June 1858.

My dear Bishop,

Many thanks for your letter. I am glad that you say that you do not write in anger, for I am conscious that I have not done anything for which you ought to be angry with me. You could not expect that I would tell a lie and say that I approved of your sentiments ; and short of that I have done everything for you in my power.

I assure you I am very sorry for you in the position in which you are temporarily placed. You must feel it a great deal more than I should with my thorough indifference to Mrs. Grundy. No one, however, has spoken and written more forcibly than yourself on the true way of bearing the cross, and I hope that you will now show that our Scotch Church is not behind the one which produced Dr. Pusey, and that you can bear in the same un-sore spirit that he displayed. If so, (much as I have regretted your Charge) I feel sure good will come out of it. I do not at all give up hopes (as I wrote you before) that some day you may come to think more with me. But anyhow, I am sure that good will be produced—must be produced—by patient endurance, even though coupled with what I conceive to be mistaken views.

Thanks for telling me of the plans against the S.C.O.[1] It has been able to bide many buffets, and I hope it will still be preserved for us. I had got an invitation to a meeting at Cupar to-morrow, and was not quite sure about going, but your letter has decided me, and I will do what I can to keep things quiet. I shall count on your *hearty* co-operation, because (to meet you upon your own ground) you ought to bear in mind who it was that poured such very new wine into old bottles, when a little more patience and prudence might have made it far less dangerous.

I will write you the result of the meeting.

Your affec. brother,

G. H. Forbes.

Burntisland,
3rd Aug. 1859.

My dear Bishop,

I want to tell you that I am rather vexed at the tone of your letter. It seems to me to be sorer than I like. Of course I can make great allowance for you at present—but you know my phrase of old—'Ah, but still'! I don't at all mean to compare myself with you, but as a matter of fact, I have had my back to the wall in a far greater degree than you have now, for I had hardly a soul to say a good word for me, to say nothing of the text in the gospels coupling 'inimici' and 'domestici' together, while you have 'troops of friends' thanks to your own zeal and energy in the past. So that I know something of what you must be feeling. Still mind, that if your opinions be of God (as you believe them to be) they must prevail in the long run, and present annoyances and trial to yourself may be the means of bringing this about. On the other hand, if you are wrong, you cannot wish to succeed. So bear up bravely, like a good fellow, and I hope your difficulties will pass away somehow, as so many of mine have done.

As to Mr. Henderson[2] of Arbroath, keep your temper

[1] In connection with the agitation to alter the Canons of 1863.
[2] Afterwards Bishop Forbes' accuser.

cool, *and your eyes shut* as close as possible. You mind what you used to say about Mr. T. being your 'moral hair shirt.' (That by the way has passed away ; and so may this.) Only if you do not court penance for penance's sake, the less you contrive to see of what he is doing the better. If my idea of the man be correct, the more he thinks he is annoying you, the better pleased and the more persevering he will be.

Write me again when you have time.

Your affec. brother,

GEORGE H. FORBES.

Burntisland,
5th Nov. 1859.

My dear Bishop,

I hope you will not take it amiss if I write you about your Charge. Since I came home I have been leaving no stone unturned to help you, and I really think that if the Bishops had been let alone, the whole matter might have been quashed. But since Mr. Humble's pamphlet and that attack in the *Guardian* editorial, I much fear this will not be. Of course, it is hard that you should suffer for the unwise proceedings of your friends and admirers ; but you know it is often the case.

Now I think you will need to make some concession, and I wish you would consider whether you would not as a matter of form 'withdraw' your Charge. You might couple it with a declaration of your continued adherence to the doctrines it inculcates, and of your hope that they will eventually be generally adopted ; but considering that such high mysteries are not suitably discussed during a time of popular excitement, you have consented for the sake of peace to withdraw it, leaving it open to you to advocate the same doctrines in any form and at any future time when circumstances might be more favourable for a calm consideration of the subject.

Let me try to throw myself into your feelings. I would say that you must consider that the Church of Scotland has never quite recovered the shock of the Reformation. I do not speak of individual Divines

like Bp. Wm. Forbes, but the general tone of the 'societas fidelium.' You will admit that the tone of the 18th century was an advance on that of the 17th, and you hope that that of the 19th will rise higher still.

Well, it must surely be of great consequence to avoid making the Church commit herself to error. An adverse decision (and humanly speaking, I fear it is now very probable) would greatly hinder the spread of the truth.

On the other hand, the formal withdrawal of the Charge would be no drawback now. It has circulated as much, probably, as it ever will do, and by and bye you might in many different ways advocate the same principles.

It is of course hard to lie under such an accusation as Mr. Henderson's without replying to it. But in the present state of men's minds *any* reply, however conclusive, would be simply thrown away. It would make them the more profane a great mystery. The hardship therefore must be taken as part of your cross, remembering Him Who was charged with 'stirring up sedition' and Who did not try to clear Himself.

You will of course understand that these are not *my* ideas, but only my idea of what *your* ideas should be. My own impression of matters I may frankly state to be this—I think that the doctrine of the Church has been sufficiently vindicated by the condemnation of Mr. Cheyne, and that in the present state of the Church any further proceedings could merely proceed from personal animosity. If the Church was perfectly pure and in no danger from other errors, it would be all very well to take up a high tone with respect to excess in the direction of Wittenberg or Rome ; but as it is, with an infinitely greater danger from the other side, I would rather trust to the gradual effect of dispassionate argument to bring about a nearer agreement between us, and in the meantime would wish to co-operate against the common enemy. I much fear that there is not the smallest chance that you will ever read as far as this, but I really do wish you would weigh well these remarks.

You remember how you used to quiz me for never supposing that my opinions *could* be wrong. Do not be angry if I now apply it to you, and beg of you to weigh the opinions of others besides your admiring disciples.

Your affec. brother,

George H. Forbes.

Burntisland,
12th Dec. 1859.

My dear Bishop,

At the risk of being thought importunate, I beg of you to reconsider your resolution against the *pro forma* withdrawal of your Charge.

You say that on the side of those who do not agree with it, such a step would be a form and nothing else. Perhaps it may, but you surely know well, how useful forms are in diplomacy. It was a mere form for Austria to give up Lombardy to France with the full understanding that it was to be passed on to Sardinia, instead of ceding it to Sardinia direct ; but that form may have saved the lives of thousands of soldiers, since Austria would have needed to have been much more humbled before the Emperor would have brought himself to make the candid transfer of his Italian province to his Italian enemy.

In the same way if a ' form ' would help to restore peace to the Church, it will be a serious matter for anyone to refuse to comply with so easy a condition.

Since I wrote to you I have had a letter from a layman who evidently feels very kindly towards you, though he does not agree with your opinions. He says that your ' withdrawal ' of the Charge would be received by many with great satisfaction, as a pledge on your part that you did not mean to *impose* your views upon *others* nor *enforce* them by virtue of your Episcopal authority. I know well that you have always professed that such was not your intention ; and therefore, if such an impression has got abroad, I cannot see how you should have any scruple in doing this to remove it.

I cannot at all see how the withdrawal of the Charge, coupled with a declaration of your continued adherence to its contents, can be supposed to be equivalent to a withdrawal of the doctrine. Had you originally published the self-same matter in any other form, such as a Dissertation or a Review, it would not (I feel quite sure) have aroused nearly so much opposition. It was the official and authoritative form in which you put it that alarmed many, who would never have troubled their heads about it or you, if you had written ever so many bulky octavos on the subject !

As to your ' reputation ' you may well leave that to take care of itself. I am persuaded all your friends will think even higher of you than they now do, if you submit to this trifling mortification for the sake of peace. And as to Mrs. Grundy, whatever she may say will be forgotten in a week, while you will be going on quietly with your Dundee work (which you say is all you wish) which I greatly fear will otherwise be entirely stopped.

For the sake then of the many souls which I am sure you will be the means of saving if you continue in your present position as Bishop, I entreat you not to stick upon a punctilio. If I was asking you to give up any of your doxys, or even to hesitate in owning them, you might say something. But as it is, I am sure that any sensible adviser will tell you, what I am recommending for your own sake is undoubtedly more likely to procure a fair hearing for your opinions than if you press them on at present and force the Bishops, who have been carefully irritated into a state in which they *cannot* take a favourable or lenient view of your doctrines, to commit the Church (which you say you are anxious about) still more decidedly to an opposition to them.

I remain, my dear Bishop, Your affec. brother,

GEORGE H. FORBES.

III

There is nothing like a common interest in study and research for removing misunderstandings and keeping friendships warm. It was fortunate that during these

three years of anxiety the brothers were working together to publish a Scottish missal which, though known to antiquarians, had never yet been printed. This was a vellum manuscript of 236 leaves belonging to Viscount Arbuthnot, which contained a missal copied in the fifteenth century by one, Sybbald, parson of Arbuthnott, for use in St. Ternan's Church of that parish in the diocese of St. Andrews. To publish the text with a short explanatory introduction would have been a simple matter, but the Bishop was anxious to use this missal as a text on which to write a short history of Scottish Church worship and to set forth such fragments of early Scottish services as had survived. His plan was to print the text of the missal and embody the introduction to it in a long preface which should trace the development of Scottish worship up to the fifteenth century. To George was assigned the task of collating certain Scottish missals with the Gallican and Sarum liturgies, his contribution being inserted into the Preface, the rest of which was to be written by the Bishop.

Many letters passed between the two while the work was in progress. In these the Bishop styles his brother 'My dearest George' and himself 'Yours affectionately, Q,' the latter a pet name applied to him by the family. George is often too slow for the Bishop, whose 'patience gets thin' when proofs are delayed. He refuses to put in a sharp criticism by George of Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, and thinks George 'unduly depreciates him.' When the book is ready for the press he tells his brother 'to be very particular about the title-page, for nothing gives a book so poor an appearance as an overloaded or ill-arranged title. It is like a bad hat on a gentleman, giving a general effect of seediness.'

The Bishop's task was not easy. He had to insert into his preface not only his brother's large contribution but also a certain amount of material supplied by two well-known scholars, Dr. Reeve and Dr. Joseph Robertson, and at the same time to maintain unity of thought as well as order in treatment. Only a complete proof of the Preface could show how far the Bishop was successful in this difficult undertaking.

When towards the end of 1863 this was printed off and George was able to survey the volume as a whole, his disappointment was great. To his critical mind the book consisted of a series of patches made by different hands, and in his own section the seams appeared rougher than elsewhere. In the final revise he had even to append on one point a note that appeared to contradict rather than to explain a statement in the Preface. Worse than this, one or two of the inferences deduced by the Bishop were almost the reverse of George's opinions. What was to be done? To a man with a conscience like that of George Forbes, only one course was open—leave the authorship with his brother. To appear as joint author and at the same time to express in print disagreement from his colleague would be fatal to the book. The Bishop tried to satisfy his brother's scruples, but in vain. George did not print his name on the title-page, and the Bishop was not aware of the fact till he saw a bound copy of his book. Thus it came about that George's name does not appear even among those who are thanked for comparatively small services. It was quixotic not even to give the Bishop the chance of acknowledging his services in any way, but if George was hypercritical in withholding his name as joint author, he was amazingly humble in blotting out all record of his services to the volume, though without them the book could never have been written. If Forbes suffered from the overscrupulous conscience of the scholar, it is to his credit that he possessed the true scholar's generosity in giving the fruits of his knowledge without thought of reputation or acknowledgment.

The following letter from the Bishop shows how much the *Arbuthnott Missal* owed to his brother :

My dearest George,

I enclosed £1—5/– for the *Panoply* and the remaining 15/– as a keepsake to the printer of the Arbuthnott, I promised him something and must redeem my pledge.

When in Edinburgh I saw William's copy of the Arbuthnott and I must compliment you on the masterly way you have turned it out, but you must forgive me

for saying that I am pained by your withholding your name from the Preface. It is a misrepresentation of fact to make people suppose that that Preface is mine which owes its most interesting part to the acute criticism whereby you have succeeded in proving the Gallican origin of the three Celtic Rituals. You put me in a very false position—you do not give yourself the credit you deserve. Surely the most scrupulous mind ought to have been satisfied with a note stating your dissent—and your great labours. We must see to the presents—I promised Dr. Reeve an extra copy for Armagh and William claims an old promise from me. Then Joseph Robertson ought to get one and John Stuart (Secretary of the Spalding Club) who enabled us to get the volume at all. I don't think it necessary to give the people you name a copy. They are crass ignoramuses and would probably believe it to be a Latin cookery book. Then I think Haddan ought to get a copy. . . The Ratisbon people are to lend me a copy of a missal of the 11th century, with some curious Gaelic annotations. Would it be safe to put a little gall over them? I am always afraid of these experiments. And so 'Sophronius' is your friend the Abbé Bertrand! I hope that you enjoyed your tour.

Yours affectionately,

Q.

The *Arbuthnott Missal* was published in two styles, one on ordinary and the other on fine paper, and the edition was limited to 250 copies, a hundred and fifty going to subscribers and the remainder to libraries and friends. It may be added that it was largely owing to his study of this Scottish missal that Bishop Forbes acquired the special interest in national hagiology which resulted in the publication of his greatest work, the *Kalendar of Scottish Saints*, in 1871. It is characteristic of the Bishop that in the copy of the *Arbuthnott Missal* which he presented to the Theological College, he has added in his own handwriting his brother's name as joint author. He had a conscience as well as his brother.

IV

The second cause which ruffled the calm surface of a fine friendship was the storm which George brought upon himself by his protest against the Canons of 1863. He may have had reason on his side in 1857–60 when he maintained that his brother was unduly obstinate in refusing to yield to persuasion on the Eucharistic question. But Bishop Forbes had much more ground for holding that George's protest against the Canons of 1863 was fanatical. The Bishop, indeed, disliked the Canons himself and fought valiantly against their enactment; but once they were passed he saw that until constitutionally revoked they must be obeyed. He regarded the appeal of his brother to a secular court as unjustifiable. George's plea, that the law was the only power capable of deciding whether the new Canons were a breach of the Church's constitution or not, seemed to him a quibble. Thus the years 1864 to 1868, when George was fighting an unequal contest with the authorities of the Church, were years of partial estrangement between the two. It was now the younger brother's turn to experience what his elder brother had suffered a few years before, the consciousness that the man who loved him best and could have helped him most was unable to lift a finger in his support.

The separation from his brother and other relatives during this period caused George to look for sympathy elsewhere. Both he and his wife were devoted to children and it was a silent sorrow to both that they had none of their own. It came, however, as a surprise, if not a shock, to the Bishop and his sisters when they learned that George and his wife intended to adopt a young French girl, Miss Marie Fraix, commended to him by one of his friends in France. The Bishop, though with less vehemence than his sisters, pointed out the danger of bringing a young French girl from her home to the dull life of a parsonage in a sleepy Scottish town. Much more vigorous were the warnings of George's sisters, who foretold the most dreadful consequences of the experi-

ment, not only to George but also to ' dear Elinor ' his wife. Events proved these prophecies wrong, for Miss Marie Forbes (she was asked to change her name) brought sunshine into the home of her adoption, and she was loved as a daughter no less by Mrs. Forbes than by her husband. When the Bishop came to the parsonage and found the ' new daughter ' not only happily settled in the parsonage but busily interested in all its doings, he was much relieved ; and when he learned that she was able not only to act as his brother's secretary but to train the choir and relieve Mrs. Forbes of many tiresome duties, he rejoiced in the new and even gay atmosphere that had appeared in his brother's somewhat gloomy and grim abode.

CHAPTER X

1869–1875

Priest and Provost

Manhood is essential to priesthood. That is the assumption of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which for Christians must be the final authority on the priestly idea. Christ the Priest is unthinkable apart from Christ the Man. No conception of priesthood at variance with this deserves the name of Christian. Yet the vulgar opinion that a priest is, of necessity, only half or less than half human has grown into a superstition ; though we must confess that its vitality is due to nothing so much as to the impressions which some of the clergy manage to create upon men of the world.

I

If any priest ever had an excuse for conveying this false impression of priesthood, it was George Forbes. Cut off as he was from every kind of sport and even from ordinary social intercourse and recreation, he might easily enough have loosened or lost his hold on the firm realities of the world, and become either an ecclesiastic with a soul petrified by routine, or a pedant with a mind dried up by the dust of Greek and Latin manuscripts. He was neither, although those who only heard rumours of his doings regarded him as both. Had the dread of such a fate anything to do with the adoption of Marie Fraix as his daughter? There is no doubt of it. His sisters had for years never ceased to remind him of the bounds within which his knowledge of life was confined. Even his father had held no great opinion of his worldly wisdom ;

and candid friends on more than one occasion had scouted his judgment as too logical to be trusted.

Like most men in his position he was unconscious of the deficiency ; but he felt that there must be something in the warnings urged upon him by so many trusted friends. So he steeled his will to *live*, in the hope that he would continue to *think* and *feel*, like other men.

Every morning in the months of July and August, there drove up to the door of the parsonage a cart with his faithful John on its tailboard. A girl from the composing room would knock at the study door and announce ' That's the cart, Sir.' ' Cart ! ' he would say with a smile, ' Not cart, Jeannie. Let us say carriage.' But it was a cart, neither more nor less. Into this conveyance he would be lifted, and the horse's head turned for the beach. At low tide it was easy to drive into the sea behind a big rock, known to the inhabitants as the Black Rock ; and there Forbes would strip. Grasping a rope attached to the cart, he lowered himself into the sea and called to his man ' Ready.' The horse moved slowly forward ; and Forbes had his dip, holding on to the rope with one hand and keeping afloat with the other.

When the ' bone-shaker ' bicycle came into use Forbes sent for a clever blacksmith in the town, and after a talk sketched on paper a machine that was part bicycle, part perambulator, and part bath-chair. Seated in this, when his health permitted, he could feel his own master as he propelled himself along the street, with a smile here and a nod there to the folks of the burgh, who by this time regarded him as one of themselves. The people of Burntisland might look askance at his church and its strange ways ; but the days were long gone by when some of them tried to boycott him and drive him from their midst. He used to tell how in the fifties one day, when the frost was bitter and the street treacherously slippery, his crutches ran out from under his arms and he fell. It was a struggle to pull himself up, but not a hand would one of the bystanders raise to help him to his sticks. ' And now,' he would add, ' I am Provost of the burgh ; patience and a little kindness work wonders in giving a man friends.'

II

But Scottish ratepayers require more than patience and kindness for the chief magistracy of their burghs, especially in the case of clergymen. The Burntisland people came to recognise that Forbes, even in the practical conduct of affairs, was the ablest and shrewdest man in the place, with a genius for handling financial matters, a fine gift of speech, and a knowledge of business and economics far beyond their own. They had discovered this long ago when Forbes started and to a large extent directed the Burntisland Co-operative Store which paid 12 per cent. quarterly to its members as well as what he called 'a dividend on tin tickets to members and non-members.'

In 1869 the burgh was faced with difficult questions connected with its docks and railway, on which the prosperity of the people depended. Leadership as well as guidance was required. The people turned to Forbes and begged him to stand for the Town Council. He consented, and was elected at the top of the poll. One cannot help wondering what Bishop Wordsworth felt, when he heard this verdict upon one whom he had rebuked for failing to exercise any influence on the town!

It was a delight to Forbes to sit at the Council table with hard-headed shopkeepers and business men, typical Scotsmen who might have little use for the 'English Kirk' as such, but who were quick to recognise and appreciate integrity and ability. His fellow councillors soon took the measure of the Episcopal clergyman, and a month after his election unanimously chose him as Provost. It is unnecessary to describe Forbes' work in this capacity. He worked untiringly for the enlargement of the docks and for the development of the burgh as a watering-place, and the whole community was at one in recognising that the success of these enterprises owed much to his leadership. He enjoyed the long fight that the burgh of Burntisland put up against the North British Railway, and made more than one journey to London to place the town's case before the authorities.

In the protracted negotiations he was, however, extraordinarily anxious to avoid a rupture, and repeatedly counselled patience, when others were eager to break off.

Naturally he had his critics who thought they could have done better. To make their voices heard and their opposition effective, they called a meeting in the Town Hall. Forbes was there too, sitting in the hall with his crutches resting on the back of a seat, one on each side of him, ready for use. He listened quietly to the opposition speeches, and when they were ended asked permission to say a word. Swinging himself on the crutches, he took up one by one the points of the other side and left not one standing. The meeting dispersed, and as a ratepayer said leaving the hall, 'That's the last of that ; a grand speaker, the Provost.'

III

The day in the parsonage began early. Forbes, when well, was up every morning at five o'clock and worked in his study till seven, when the household assembled for prayers. Letters were then taken in hand, no light matter, for his correspondents were very numerous, and his answers to them often filled pages of notepaper. On the stroke of eight he took his way to the baptistery to say his office or celebrate, and make his meditation—duties that kept him there till the breakfast bell rang at nine. His breakfast consisted of a large plate of porridge and milk. The meal over, Mrs. Forbes would go to open the day school with prayers, for her husband was no longer equal to this. He would busy himself with proofs, interview John Gray, his printer, or set up type himself. At eleven o'clock his man would bring his phaeton to the door, and Forbes would drive in his high old-fashioned carriage along the sunny road that faced the bay till dinner time at one o'clock. While Mrs. Forbes and Marie sat at the dining-room table, his dinner was served on the board across his knees on which he did his work, and the meal ended with the only luxury in which he ever indulged, a glass of toddy.

Forbes disliked teetotalism only a degree less than

Sabbatarianism, and a story is told of a temperance enthusiast going to the parsonage on a mission to convert the parson to his cause. 'Now,' said the abstainer, pointing with an including finger at young Marie Forbes, 'let us take the case of us three. You can take a glass without any ill effects, but I, on the contrary, have to be "ockstered" out after the smallest taste of liquor, while a single glass of whisky renders this dear young lady perfectly unfit to take care of herself. What would you do to save her?' 'I would try,' said Forbes, laughing, 'to show her the beauty of a disciplined mind, united with the strength of will that would make her resist what did her harm and me good.'

In the afternoon Forbes would pay a visit or two in his carriage, returning for tea at five o'clock. Work followed till seven, when evening prayers were said, except when the Town Council called him to a meeting. At nine there was supper, which for Forbes consisted of a biscuit and a glass of whisky toddy, and soon afterwards he went to bed. Often there were visitors; his sisters, or his brothers William and the Bishop; and the occupations of the day would vary with circumstances.

> Sundays [writes the Comtesse de l'Espinasse] were not days of rest to us; for the schoolroom, where the services (except the Eucharist) were held, had to be made ready; the benches set in order, the rugs and kneelers laid in their places, the red curtains stretched across the end of the school, the harmonium brought down, and my music and books set upon it, for this had come to be my share of the service. The faithful John helped in these preliminaries, which could be done only on a Sunday morning, as the Town Band used the schoolroom, with Mr. Forbes' permission, on Saturday nights.
>
> The Communion service at 8 o'clock was held in the Baptistery; and a most impressive service it was in the morning light softened down into a warm glow by the stained glass windows, the flicker of the candles (of pure wax made at home) falling on Mr. Forbes and showing his saint-like face aglow with fervour. He

knelt at a chair at one side of the altar ; but rose and went to the front for the consecration, the communicants drawing near so that he might the more easily hand to them the Bread and Wine of life. After the service he always remained in the Baptistery for some time after the small congregation left. When breakfast was over he was left alone with his sermon. As the kirk bells were ringing their last peals, he made his way to the schoolroom ; though sometimes, when he was ill, he had to be carried there in a chair. At the end of the room was a table and on it two square cushions covered with red cloth, on which the Bible and Prayer Book rested. Behind this was the high-backed chair on which he knelt.

His preaching was like his writing, plain, direct, strong, the preaching of a convinced churchman who knew his Bible from end to end. In his early days he wrote his sermons and preached from a manuscript, but in the sixties he gave up this practice and spoke from notes. A command of language, impressive in its very simplicity, was one of his special gifts.

I am indebted to Mr. J. H. Lorimer, the distinguished Scottish artist, formerly of the Royal Scottish Academy and corresponding Member of the Institut de France, for a reminiscence of the services at Burntisland.

For seven years before our father and mother, Professor J. Lorimer of Edinburgh University and Mrs. Lorimer, came to reside at Kellie Castle, we lived at Whinnyhall, about two miles from Burntisland on the heights adjoining the East slope of the Binn hill, with views of the sea and Edinburgh ; it had been laid out as a fine country residence but the house had never been built. We lived in a large farm house on the ridge between parks and woods, a cliff, and some fir trees. Shale was found later here and all this was spoilt.

One of the greatest interests of our stay was our association with the Rev. George Forbes, and his church and family. My father and mother were completely under the spell of his fine abilities, learning

charm, and saintly character ; and they carried us willingly with them. He would arrive in his rather high old open carriage, drawn by his horse Donald, and driven by his genial old manservant, with the Newfoundland dog, Victor, seated beside him. On account of his lameness he did not get out of his carriage ; and my father and mother would come from the house and talk to him at the door. We often received his greeting on our walks as he drove along. My father went frequently to spend an afternoon hour or more at the Parsonage. As his life was given up to the study of the foundations of law in religion and philosophy, it is likely that they found much sympathy and agreement.

But their discussions would not be all agreement, for one of our autumns there was 1870, when the Franco-German war was raging. Mr. Forbes' sympathy was with France, but my father's, in spite of close friendships with gifted French people, was more with Germany. For one who had been educated at Bonn and Berlin at a time when Germany was passing into a great period of intellectual strength and idealism, this was natural.

Naval ships often visited Burntisland ; and Mr. and Mrs. Forbes were hospitable to officers, and drew my father and mother into these pleasant meetings. My eldest sister, Hannah, now Lady im-Thurn, and I were members of the choir, and sang there for several seasons.

One of the advantages of this was that from where we sat, at the front, on the opposite side of the passage, we had a perfect view of Mr. Forbes. He entered behind from the West door, and one heard the heavy thud of his crutches, coming the whole way up the wood floor. Arrived at the reading desk—really an open rail on four supports, with a shelf for books I think, he agilely swung himself into this, one step up only. He read with great clearness, a very musical voice, neither high nor low, a most devotional feeling, and with a total absence of affectation.

At times he recited parts of the prayers with closed

eyes without dropping his book, it being still held up at an angle to his body. In this attitude I later made a drawing of him from memory. It was in pencil and washed with sepia. One pronunciation was new and memorable to me. I had been used to hear the word 'neither' given with the burden on the *i*, but he always gave it 'neether'—I mean as in the prayer, 'Grant that this day we fall into no sin, *neither* run into any kind of danger.' His sermons were short and marked by learned references, and devotional and persuasive earnestness.

My sister Hannah and I were prepared for Confirmation by Mr. Forbes; we went for some time in the afternoon to his library, where he was seated near the fireplace, with his back to the south light, a plaid round his knees, a shelf across the arms of his chair, and the fine Newfoundland, Victor, at his feet. He held out his hand and welcomed us affectionately, and proceeded with his reverent and gentle instructions. This decision to have us confirmed was a strange irregularity in itself, for we had been baptised in the Presbyterian Church. Certainly on my father's side there was the wish that we should feel it a privilege to be moved and educated by the saintly character of Mr. Forbes. In due time we were confirmed by the Bishop of St. Andrews.

IV

Something should be said here of Forbes' spiritual character; for those who knew him best were impressed by his sanctity as much as by his learning. But if we are to understand his spiritual temper, we must rid our minds of the idea that sainthood consists of but one type. It would be impossible to place George Forbes in one of the classes or groups into which a modern fashion divides the great mystics of the Church.

The piety of his brother the Bishop and the fruit of holiness which sprang from it belong to the normal, more conventional type of saint; he was in spirit a true son of Dr. Pusey with, in addition, something of

the temper of the French mystics. George Forbes was different. His saintliness was, if less fine than his brother's, stronger and more reserved. There was no artifice about it. In his company one never thought of the process by which his holiness was acquired.

Some saints are what they are by steady adhesion to a rule of life and a fixed method of devotion ; one can never think of them without thinking of the process which has made them what they are. Forbes' holiness was a growth rather than the result of a method. It was the fruit of the Spirit, a natural, yet supernatural expression of his own human spirit allied with the Holy Spirit. He never permitted his language to outrun his spiritual experience, and he could never speak glibly in stock phrases about the inner life.

Some may suppose that in thus writing I am denying Forbes' title even to the name of saint. But were there no saints among the Twelve ? Was sainthood only created when the medieval mystics arose, or when the exercises of St. Ignatius were formulated ? Are we to measure holiness solely by ecstatic descriptions of heavenly visions ?

If that be so, then Forbes was no saint. But if holiness be, as Lord Morley has defined it, ' the result of that instinct of the soul by which man, in spite of the fierce revolts of his will, lives in loving, patient communion with the unseen God,' then Forbes acquired this crowning glory of human nature in a unique degree.

A man's face is no necessary index of his heart, but there was always something saintly about the appearance of George Forbes. His face had the sweetness and grace of a woman in the tapering chin and finely cut lips, and the strength of a man in the straight, prominent nose, in the calm gaze out of grey, deep-set eyes, and in the great massive forehead surmounting a countenance which seemed the embodiment of the calm, meditative spirit that breathes the air of heaven. To look at him one would have for a moment imagined that holiness was a gift, his by nature and disposition like his eyes and his temper.

Certainly holiness is a gift of grace ; but it is no less

an acquisition and we know what pains the priest of Burntisland took to ensure it. The Eucharist was the centre of his spiritual life, and no forms of devotion alien to the beauty and reserve of the Eucharistic prayers were congenial to him. Careful preparation preceded, and prolonged meditation followed every Sunday and Holy Day Eucharist. To despatch the service of the altar in half an hour would have been to him grave irreverence. The actual service might last no more than thirty-five minutes, but his own devotions before and after the service kept him on his knees an hour longer. When there was no Eucharist, his Office, followed by meditation, held him in his baptistery for at least an hour every morning ; and throughout his busy day he made breaks in his work, when, surrounded by proof-sheets and books, with his eyes closed, he would betake himself to those exercises of thanksgiving and intercession and contemplation which alone can keep the student of sacred things from sinking into a dry and lifeless critic, devoid alike of spiritual insight and progress.

He never wrote a manual of devotion, though he made some suggestions to his brother when he wrote, as early as 1849, his *Companion to the Altar*. Much as he loved France, he disliked intensely the type of piety fostered there by the ultramontane party of the Roman Catholic Church. From his boyhood to his death he was constantly in France. He knew personally many of the clergy, and was on intimate terms with Catholic members of the laity. He was uncompromisingly Catholic, yet he writes of continental devotion thus :

> One can form a tolerable idea of a body of men by the literature they produce. Now, if one wishes to see the very acme of twaddle and silliness, one has but to look at a packet of modern French devotional manuals. You can get a lot any day in gay bindings in the shops round S. Sulpice or the Madeleine. They are all written for young women. Now while a Christian woman is one of the noblest of God's creatures, womanised Christianity, religion watered down to the calibre of silly, frivolous, worldly women,

is thoroughly contemptible. There are some for every age. 'Devotions to our Lady, for a little girl at school'; 'The Retirement of S. Mary at Nazareth, a safeguard for young ladies in society'; 'The Dolours of our Lady, a consolation for a lady unhappy in marriage'; and so forth. It is remarked that one cannot be found for *old* women.

Nor does he think much more highly of the novelty which was then being introduced by the ultramontane school to make men religious, the practice of giving them medals to wear, representing our Lady of Salette, etc. This may seem a censorious judgment; and Forbes is aware that in passing it he exposes himself to the charge of narrowness and want of charity. But he is in conscience driven to write as he does.

No form of devotional practice made any appeal to him, if it diverged in the slightest degree from Catholic truth. To him the *lex orandi* was inseparable from the *lex credendi*. Communion with God through Christ in the strength of the Holy Spirit was the goal and the only goal of the Christian's endeavour. The growing tendency to isolate and worship our Lord's humanity as severed from His divinity, was in his view not only mistaken but harmful. To those who urged the necessity of accommodating Christian worship to the feeling of the worshippers on the plea that certain devotions produced the fruits of holiness, he would reply, 'What fruits and what holiness?'

Christian sanctity in his view was rooted and grounded in moral principles. Holiness was indeed more than mere morality, because, far from ignoring, it included morals. Forbes' sense of sin was a profound reality. It was this, as well as primitive Church practice, that led him to deprecate the cheapening of absolution as dangerous to the soul.

His own habit was to practise self-examination daily, and he found a stronger antidote to sin in contemplating Christ as Judge than in formal confession and absolution. Future judgment and eternal punishment were tremendous realities to him, although retribution in the

future by no means blinded his eyes to the fact of present misery as the consequence of sin. These great verities, he believed, were obscured by the Anglican practice of introducing formal absolutions into the public services of the Church.

Finally, Forbes' saintliness was distinguished by a great sanity. If intense sincerity made him strict with himself in self-discipline, his common-sense withheld him from imposing on his body fetters of restriction that impeded his activity. Every Friday of the week, however, was a strict fast, and Lent found him curtailing yet more the few comforts that he enjoyed at other times. Since the fear of the Lord was for him the beginning of wisdom, the personal holiness which sprang out of that fear lost all glitter of unreality in the steady light that shone from his mind.

CHAPTER XI

A Bundle of Letters

We may learn much of a man's character not only from the letters he writes but also from those he receives. Morley's letters to Gladstone reveal to some extent the great statesman as well as the author of *Compromise*. In the case of George Forbes, the letters of his friends reveal the scholar's temper even better than his own, for Forbes, though he wrote well, had neither time nor inclination to chronicle in his letters the small matters that often so luminously disclose character. A letter from Bishop Forbes not infrequently tells us more about George than one written from the parsonage to the bishop. In this bundle I have also included a number of letters which have an abiding interest, partly because they were written by men of distinction, and partly because they throw some light on important historical events.

I

Charles Marriott, scholar and recluse, saint and trusted friend of the leaders of the Oxford Movement, sent innumerable letters to the parsonage, all of them as dull as a dictionary to the ordinary reader but invaluable to Forbes in his work. Of these I dare to print only three. The first relates to the service of Compline which Forbes desired to publish in connection with the Scottish Prayer Book, the second seems to show that the Tractarians in conversation styled themselves Anglo-Catholics in 1849 as Forbes also did, and the third among other things alludes to the refusal of the Delegates of the Oxford Press to accept Forbes' offer of an edition of *St. Gregory of Nyssa*.

From Charles Marriott

Oriel, 1849.

My dear Forbes,

You will think me dreadfully slow about your Compline, but it is really a great and hard work, and I am like a fly that you have just trodden in the sand, trying to pull himself out, and shake himself, and find his legs and wings, etc.

My wits are so dull that I have had to write out the *Commune* in order to understand it ; even now I am puzzled with your calling that *after* the capitulum which in the Roman Breviary is called capitulum. We should have a word for Capitulum. I hate 'little chapter.' I am sure 'capitle' or 'chaptel' or any word you please to coin, is better English.

I have been laid up the last two days from catching a cold in attending the consecration of the new church at Harrow Weald, which, however, was well worth it. The Bishop of London was as gracious as possible, and declared his approval of everything, preached a sermon on preaching to the poor, and said Munro was 'carrying out the principles he had laid down in it, etc.,' Mr. Cunningham and Dr. Vaughan being present all the while.

Yours ever most sincerely,

C. Marriott.

Oriel, 1849.

My dear Forbes,

The Anglo-Catholics want to know about the *Considerationes*,[1] as they are short of something to bring out. Is it ready so that it could be sent out at the beginning of next month ?

I have been rather slow at work this week from causes I mentioned before, as well as from visitors. I have not gone on with the Compline, because I wait for criticism on the plan.

Yours most sincerely,

C. Marriott.

[1] Edited by G. H. F.

Littlemore, 1849.

My dear Forbes,

We have just been, or rather are, enjoying a visit from your brother. I hope he is some way towards a restoration of health and vigour. I am to meet him again this evening at Magdalen 'Gaudy'—a hospitable and venerable vanity! I do not despise such feasts, though I sometimes grumble at the length of the dinner and the little one sees of good men present. They really serve their purpose, and promote both thankful remembrance and present good feeling.

As to the Delegates, Jacobson advised me not to put their declining your work too flatly to you, hoping that it might still be carried out if I would undertake a kind of supervision. But I fear that this is not to be, as I have heard nothing of late. Perhaps I may be able to talk it over with him shortly.

I do not know whether it is too much to ask you for a few particulars about Bishop Jolly, which may enable me to prefix a short but definite and edifying notice of him to some letters of his which have been put into my hands for publication. Your brother thought of adding two letters addressed to himself on the Intermediate State. The volume will still be a small one, but I think it would be quite worth publishing. And I should like to put such a memoir as would really interest people, and set before them an example that might do them good.

Mr. Crawley is asking when the volume of Bishop Wm. Forbes will be finished. I forget exactly where I left the sheets, or where the division was to be. If there is anything for me to do now, I can generally get through it in a day or two.

Pusey, as you know, has had an attack of low fever, but he is getting better, I hope pretty fast. He is at Eastbourne.

Yours ever most sincerely,

C. Marriott.

II

Forbes, as we have seen, was deeply interested in the Church of France and especially in that party known as Gallicans, who desired to keep the French Church national as well as Catholic by resisting the innovations of Rome. Among these Gallican friends were Mar. Detrime, the Abbé Bertrand, Garcin de Tassy, H. Maret, A. J. Gratry, Charles Forbes Montalembert, and others. A literal, rather than a literary, translation of these French letters is here given.

From Marcellius Detrime

1857.

Dear Sir,

I spent the evening of yesterday with our new Archbishop and I have acquainted him with our morning conversation and your fears and views upon the Gallican questions. I can only say to you again that he bears the most tender Christian heart in the world, not only for his Roman friends, but also for humanity as a whole, and particularly for our separated brethren. I am sure he will be happy on every occasion to show those feelings and to work in a Christian and brotherly spirit with you and yours. He has laid upon me to offer you his Charge, in which his most intimate sentiments are expressed and his fine, noble, loving nature is disclosed. Here it is. Perhaps it might be as well for you to acknowledge it later, but do as you think best about that ; when you have read it, give it to Dr. Pusey to read, and perhaps you might take his advice on the point.

Be assured that the spirit of the French clergy is by no means represented by *L'Univers*,[1] and that it is not at all what you imagine it to be. No doubt there is among them a strong aversion both to Protestants and to their practices. But the hearts of our clergy are Christian, and I have no doubt but that in time my attitude to reform will be shared by them. Only, observe, that if Rome on the one hand must reproach

[1] A popular clerical paper.

herself for abuses, disorders, and faults utterly unworthy, on the other hand part of Christendom three centuries ago merited censure of a much graver nature, for revolution and separation are nothing less than crimes. The comparison that I made yesterday was a just one. *We* are like the father, who, shall we say, becomes drunk and quarrelsome, who blasphemes, and behaves as outrageously as you choose to imagine. But *you* are like the son, who, after having first warned his father without success, becomes so excited that he ends by plunging a dagger in his breast and flinging him aside. Those are the two positions fairly defined. Further, remember, that the father has completely reformed, while the son has remained rebellious and ungrateful. The two points of view must never be forgotten if there is to be any hope of reaching the day when the father and the son will open their arms to each other and become reconciled in order to unite.

I should very much like to see and to know Dr. Pusey personally. From this distance I like and respect him so much. Please tell him so, and if he should come to Paris, I should like to meet him and get to know him. You will not forget that Mgr. Sibour[1] honours me with his intimate friendship. Pray that God may preserve him in health. His charity will work miracles in France, and will perhaps greatly hasten the time of reconciliation. How I do wish that it were possible for him to visit your country and how much I should like to accompany him !

I bid you farewell, Sir, with best wishes for your health and happiness here below, as well as there above where disputes and controversies do not exist. I like to follow the old and beautiful custom of calling myself

Your devoted and humble servant,

MARCELLIUS DETRIME.

Excuse this badly written letter. I write while taking part in a conversation from which I cannot escape.

[1] Archbishop of Paris.

I cannot impress upon you too strongly to get the *Diocesan Institutions* of Mgr. Sibour, from the Léoffre bookshop, in the Rue du Vieux-Colombier, No. 29.

From l'Abbé Bertrand

July, 1864.

Sir and Dear Colleague,

I have just finished reading your introduction to 'Ecclesiastes'; it has keenly interested me, but the treatise seems to me strange. I am completely in agreement with you in the first pages; with you I am convinced that it is not the work of Solomon; both style and thought are conclusive on the point, and the internal proof that you adduce seems to me irrefutable. But I find it difficult to understand how a book written in Egypt or in Persia by a free-thinking Jew a century or two after Ezra could have been introduced into the Canon of Holy Scripture. It is, however, the opinion of several exegetes quoted by S. Cahen, and, as a matter of fact, it is possible.

You show in a very ingenious manner the different phases through which the beliefs and doctrines of the Jews must have passed. Your theory throws light on a great number of facts and passages which otherwise are obscure, but there are pages in which, it appears to me, you incline rather strongly towards Mazdeism or Manicheism. As to your theory of the work of creation, I fear that it would not find much credence among the expositors or geologists. Your ideas on the connection of the children of God with the daughters of men, and on their influence upon the world and upon men, agree with Jewish traditions adopted by the ancient Fathers, but these are much discredited nowadays.

Nevertheless I think that you will do well to publish this work, because it most certainly will attract attention, and will promote serious discussion which will throw light on the subject.

But I must confess to you that I was thunderstruck when I saw that you represented 'Ecclesiastes' 'as being the work of a wicked man, expressing through-

out wicked sentiments.' How can you suppose that such a book should have entered providentially into a collection of inspired writings ?

The affairs of Lyons are far from ended. Later I will send you details if anything happens.

Please accept, my dear Colleague, the assurance of my respect and devotion.

BERTRAND.

Would you be good enough to present my respects to Mrs. Forbes, of whom I have the most pleasant recollections.

May I add that I should very much like to have your photograph ? If it is not indiscreet, I would beg of you also to send one of Madame. On my part, I am thinking of being taken again, a little better than the last time !

Versailles,
June 10th 1871.

Dear Sir,

As you are going to Rheims I beg you to go and see the archbishop ; he is one of our most learned bishops and delightful in every way, a man of the same type as our illustrious archbishop of Paris. I was at the funeral of the latter.[1] Nothing could have been worthier or more impressive than the great demonstration that took place. Even the Jewish Rabbis were present. As for the Christians, each one felt himself in the presence of the mortal remains of a martyr, for it was as a representative of Jesus Christ that he met his death. As he said, when they came to take him : ' My children, what harm have I done you ?' ' What ! ' they replied to him, ' What harm have you done us ? You have been tormenting us for 1800 years.'

You might also see M. Courneur whilst you are at Rheims ; he is the Vicar-General, a learned man, full of charm ; he will be very pleased to welcome you. I have not the honour of his personal acquaintance, but I have asked one of his friends here to prepare him for your visit.

[1] Killed in the Commune rising.

Mgr. Maret and the Bishop of Sarium are safe and sound ; I spoke to the latter at the funeral service. Paris [1] is at the moment very calm. It seems to me that you might come. The insurgents are disarmed ; besides, strangers, especially Englishmen, are always respected.

I do not understand how some people live ; no doubt there is much hidden distress though one hardly sees any here. In St. Cloud it is different ; that place is only a heap of ruins. I went there ten days ago. I doubt if there are a dozen houses left standing. The churches rise up gloriously in the midst of the ruins, such as that of Sainte Chapelle at Paris which has miraculously remained standing and complete in the midst of a vast, smouldering rubbish-heap. Other villages, Garches, for example, have experienced the fate of St. Cloud. A host of land-owners and villagers are completely ruined. England has already come to the rescue of the most needy ; but what a great gulf has yet to be filled !

I do not really know what is happening about the new dogma [2] ; our own affairs have blinded most eyes to what is going on at Rome. But to-day they are about to congratulate the Pope that he is on the point of jumping over the ditch and showing the saying ' non videbis annos Petri ' to be a lie.

With kindest regards, my dear brother in Christ,

Your affec.

BERTRAND.

P.S. I believe that M. Tassy intends to come back to Paris immediately, if indeed he is not already here.

From Count Montalembert

1865.

My dear Sir,

The beautiful volume [*Arbuthnott Missal*] which you have had the goodness to send, has been safely forwarded to me here, and I have just been reading

[1] After the Franco-German War.

[2] The Infallibility of the Pope, 1870.

your preface with the greatest attention and interest. I cannot sufficiently thank you for the undeserved honour you have conferred on me by the gift of so valuable a contribution to the history both of the Church and of Scotland. As I have been during the last two years principally occupied in my leisure hours with the study of St. Columba's life and the Hiberno-Scottish monasteries of those days, you may easily imagine the gratification which I have experienced in perusing your most excellent and most laborious researches on a subject so closely connected with my recent occupation. I shall not return to Paris till the beginning of March : but if you come back from Italy in the spring and go through Paris, then or at any other time when I am there, I trust you will do me the favour of calling on me, as I am very anxious to make your personal acquaintance, as well as that of your brother, and to express to both *viva voce* the gratitude and respect with which I remain,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT.

Paris,
Nov. 13th 1867.

My dear Sir,

I should have felt it a real pleasure to render you the service that you do me the honour to request in your letter of 3rd November, if it had been at all possible ; but the illness to which I have been a victim for more than two years, and which has degenerated into a sort of permanent invalidism, has interrupted my work and my usual occupations. It puts insurmountable obstacles in the way of the activity that I should still love to show in the service of my friends and of truth.

Also I have practically no connection with Spain, but I am going to write to a young man of my acquaintance who is, or who has been, attached to the French Embassy in Madrid, and who is much interested in archæology. If I get from him any information that might be useful to you in the researches you will make in the Chapter House of Toledo, I shall take care to send it on to you. If you do not receive

anything from me, you may take it that I have not succeeded in my attempt.

Accept at least this mark of my goodwill with this new assurance of my deepest respect.

CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT.

I shall receive with sincere gratitude the third part of your Gallican liturgies, and I have ordered Mr. Blackwood to send you the last volumes of my *Monks of the West* directly the translation of it is finished.

1867.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I have done my best during the last week to inquire about the means of introducing you to the Chapter of Toledo, but I have only been able to discover a gentleman who has been long, and still is, secretary to H.R.H. the Duke of Montpenair ; the Duke, as you know, lives in Spain.

M. Antoine de Latour has been in Toledo, but has no personal acquaintances there. But he has given me a letter from M. de Séjuda, brother-in-law of the Marquess Villemura and of Marshal Peznéla, Senator of the kingdom and member of the Spanish Academy, who, he thinks, is the one man in Spain most likely to ensure the success of your application to the Metropolitan Chapter. I think you had better write to M. de Séjuda, and send him the enclosed letter, so that you may know from him whether he is able to secure you admission or not.

I am sorry not to be able to do better, but trust that this may be of some use to you.

I remain, with best wishes for your journey,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT.

From Madeleine de Montalembert

Château de Maiche Doubs,
Nov. 7th 1871.

Sir,

Mother was very grateful for the letter that you so kindly sent her at the beginning of this month. She would have liked to answer it herself, but as her eyes give her so much pain, she is obliged almost entirely

to give up writing. That is why I have the pleasure of taking her place in answering you. She wishes me to say that she will be very pleased to see the article that you have written in memory of my beloved father, and also all those which you have written about France. Our poor dear country is very unhappy. She has done much that is wrong, but still she has kept a wonderful vitality and preserves some qualities that are truly great and noble. One cannot despair when one sees a pious province as patriotic and well behaved as is the part in which we live. But you are quite right in thinking that what France lacks at present is men in a position of authority with intellect and character to tell her home truths, and show her the way of her salvation. Instead of this we have had so many who have flattered her and deceived her with miserable lies. Alas ! with what enthusiasm and at the same time with what gentleness would my dear father have devoted himself to that task ! How he would have sought 'the best way to bind up her wounds' ! But that has not been the will of God and we must submit to His holy will. Please accept, my dear Sir, my kindest regards, and the warmest gratitude of my mother.

MADELEINE DE MONTALEMBERT.

Forbes' Roman Catholic correspondents abroad were not confined to Gallicans. But for Cardinal Pitra's generous help in placing the treasures of the Vatican Library in Rome at his disposal, much of Forbes' work could never have been done.

From Cardinal Pitra

Rome,
Sept. 1st 1865.

My dear Sir,

I cannot wait any longer to answer your esteemed letter which I received last December. I have been away for more than seven months on a long journey, which is my excuse for the delay. But I should have serious cause to reproach myself if I did not acquit myself of my debt to you. Besides I have to thank you for your faithful *Messenger*, which continues to arrive so regularly.

Many thanks for the details that you give me about your health and your interesting studies. I am sorry that M. Neale no longer shares your labours. Has he abandoned you in order to get on with his great book on Dutch Jansenism of which I have heard? In that case I should be the more sorry, because from his writings I should think him too serious to be the dupe of that handful of inconsequent sectarians who are collected at Utrecht. I know that M. Neale has treated me with little respect in his book, which I expected to have received some days ago, and which I hoped to have read before writing to you. But although I have not read what he has written against me, I can assure him that I have affirmed nothing in my treatise on Catholic Holland which I am not able to prove from documents that I have had in my own hands, and in many cases have copied out. I am very sorry that business in the library obliged me to delay the second volume, in which I intended to publish the vindicating documents. I know that M. Neale has had recourse to the same sources, but I doubt if he has seen all that was available to me in writing my book.

Where he agrees with me in other places really matters little; the only thing that matters to history is that Jansenism is in principle Calvinistic, and in point of fact has nothing in common with Catholicism. Your learned and loyal school of Pusey has, therefore, nothing to gain by any dealings with this party either in France or Holland. How I prefer your courageous efforts to save from shipwreck the fragments of Catholic dogma that still remain to you! Even in that Eucharistic controversy that has made such a stir in Scotland and of which you speak (though you yourself exhibit more than one point of difference between us), I find many reasons for applauding the courage of your brother, the Bishop of Brechin.

I am greatly distressed at the report you send me of young and gallant M. Pusey,[1] who in spite of his

[1] Dr. Pusey's son, who at this time was becoming increasingly crippled, besides being wasted with consumption, and had to give up all hope of becoming a priest.

infirmities has pursued his heroic researches from Moscow to Madrid. I also heard that he visited the libraries of Russia. May God reward such admirable courage with the fullest light, faith and charity.

I write to you in the midst of my preparations for another journey which will take me into Germany and perhaps eventually into Russia. If I can be of any use either to you or M. Pusey or, indeed, to any of your friends, you may count upon my help.

With kindest regards and warm affection,

Yours sincerely

J. B. Pitra, O.S.B.

Rome,
Sept. 1st 1865.

Sir,

I should be very much distressed if you took my delay in answering your letter to mean either forgetfulness or indifference. I allowed, to my great regret, your honoured brother to leave Rome without intrusting him with a letter, for I was then prevented by an extraordinary accumulation of work. I can no longer put off, and seize the first day of my holiday month to discharge my debt. No, forgetfulness is impossible. Thanks be to God, I remain Benedictine enough at heart to preserve as vivid as on the first day, the respect with which your courage inspired me. I well remember the first time I had the honour of meeting you, when I guided you in mounting the narrow and steep flight of stairs that led to the manuscripts of the Imperial Library of Paris. If I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again in Rome or elsewhere, I shall love to remind you of that first meeting, and assure you again how greatly I admire your persistence in research. Indifference on my part to your writings is no less impossible. That would be ingratitude, after the handsome present that you have given me of the *Arbuthnott Missal*, for which I now hasten to thank you. I had hoped to thank you by exchanging a somewhat similar book on Greek hymn-writing. But the printing of it has been delayed from

month to month. I hope, however, that next winter will find me clear of it.

In compensation I hasten to get for you a book just published in Rome, which ought certainly to be in your library. It is a work in four volumes on the writings of St. Gregory of Nyssa and of Origen, by a professor of Philosophy, Dr. Vincenzi, whom you may have noticed among the readers at the Vatican. No doubt you could greatly strengthen his thesis on your favourite doctor. The book will be in your hands without delay and you can judge of it at your leisure. I do not know where this letter may reach you, and as I have nothing important to say, shall be sorry if it follows you on some 'learned' journey.

If you have made out your journey into Spain, I am certain that M. Pécoul, who is at the moment in Madrid, will give you every facility at the French Embassy. I have written to him on the matter, by this post. He will probably soon leave his post in Spain for some country place in the dead season, which usually closes the diplomatic offices.

I must thank you for your expository pamphlet, with which I think I entirely agree. I have also to thank your brother, the Bishop of Brechin, whom I believe I recognise, in spite of his anonymity, for a learned review on my work on hymnology, which has been sent to me by post. I have not been the only one to profit by this package. An Englishman and some other literary friends, besides those at St. Collinte, have shared in my gratitude for this delightful study.

Although hindered more and more by the accumulation of business, I try to keep a good place for letters, and I am waiting for the warm season and the vacation to enjoy the peace and coolness of some library. Even the Vatican, though nearer the sun in some ways than my hermitage at St. Collinte, serves me as a retreat. Often, when leaving it, I pass under the Basilica of St. Peter, at a time when it is very silent, and I love to pray a moment for the sanctification of some and the conversion of others.

You will not take it amiss to be included in either

category, and you will only see in this remembrance a proof of my respectful devotion.

J. B. Card: Pitra.

Marseilles,
Sept. 27th 1875.

Sir,

Your letter only reached me in the course of a long journey after many delays. I should like to make up for these delays by a more satisfactory reply than this. The Vatican Library has only just got out of the disturbed state into which we at Rome have been thrown. Its staff of writers, especially those for Oriental languages, is reduced and dispersed. It was composed for the most part of monks who have now lost the humble shelter in which they carried on their studies. It has therefore been necessary to reduce even the time and the space allotted to those engaged in research, which before was limited enough. Let me give you the advice that I have often had to reject, that is, to wait for a more suitable time and to work at some subject more within your reach. Your extraordinary activity is astounding.

If you know any of the Orientalists who come here sometimes from England or Germany, perhaps one of them might take the place of the experts we have lost.

Pray excuse my delays and this reply, and always believe me

Yours devotedly,

J. B. Card: Pitra.

III

Forbes had a profound respect for Newman and Pusey, and frequently expressed his admiration both for their written works and their saintly character. But his respect for them as for all great men never sank into the sentimental hero-worship which satisfies the self-respect of men with whom proximity to the great is an easy way of achieving a semblance of distinction for themselves. His high opinion of Newman did not prevent him from writing a criticism of his book on Justification. Newman

would never have heard of it, had not Forbes pushed it under his very eyes, with the result that the following letter was written, displaying an egotism and a pettiness of temper very unusual in the author of the *Apologia*. Had Newman entirely forgotten that Forbes published his book on the Arians ?

From John Henry Newman

The Oratory, Aug. 11th 1871.

Dear Sir,

I will gladly tell you my meaning in any places of my essay on justification, if you will send them to me.

You are mistaken in supposing that I have 'given up my theory.' With a little correction, it is the Catholic theory.

I am astonished at your considering that it is the duty or the privilege of a Christian, be he theologian or not, to have 'disciples.' To my mind it is just one of the signs that the Anglican body is not in the true Church, that it gives scope for essential differences in doctrine, and consequently the existence of party action.

It was an especial pain to me, when an Anglican, to be considered one of a party. 'Disciples' indeed ! I have said in my Apology most truly, 'I felt great impatience at our being called a party, and would not allow that we were such.' Also it is one of the special comforts for which I thank God, that, since I have been a Catholic, I have a perfect peace and satisfaction as regards the authoritative doctrinal system under which I now live ; and you call it my cross ! I almost held the Pope's infallibility and the Immaculate Conception as an Anglican ; vid. for the latter, *Parochial Sermons*, vol. 2, no. 12, page 132, new edition. What a world of your own you must live in ! Have you read my Catholic books ? They have as great a circulation as my Anglican. Allow me to say, what is very evident, that you know nothing about my present life and position.

Yours very faithfully,

J. H. Newman.

The occasion of the letter that comes next was a review written by Forbes, at prodigious length, of Pusey's work on Hosea. One wonders how an editor could have dared to print an article extending to 18,000 words, even on a book of Pusey's. But Forbes was nothing if not thorough. Its effect clearly was to ruffle Pusey's usually calm temper and to vex his sensitive spirit. If Forbes is somewhat captious in his treatment of Pusey's work, Pusey himself is not quite fair to Forbes in charging him with prejudice. In the review the highest praise is given to Pusey's powers as a scholar and a commentator, and the merits of the book are acknowledged with ample generosity. Not until this is done is there a word of disparagement, and even in the long section of the review which discusses passages of Hosea in detail, there is nothing but fair and courteous criticism. The sarcasm to which Pusey alludes is the only objectionable sentence, and even that is but a half humorous remark intended to relieve a laborious discussion. But Pusey was evidently hurt and had the human weakness of suffering when the offspring of his intellect was wounded.

From Dr. Pusey

Oxford, 1860.

My dear Mr. Forbes,

I heard with regret that you were the author of a review of my commentary on Hosea in the S.E.J. I regretted it, because I thought that the review revived remains of soreness from the Eucharistic controversy. I will not occupy your time by reviewing in detail your review to yourself. Of course in so difficult a book as Hosea, there must be differences of opinion. While you were yet a boy, I studied all the variety of interpretations accumulated by Pococke, and have re- and re- and re-examined them and others since. It is simply distracting to lead a reader through a labyrinth of interpretations ; so I have given what approves itself most to me, after this long study of the book. You are of course free to take any other which approves itself to you. What I have regretted, has been to see, what the person, not an Oxford friend, who

drew my attention to the review (but for whom I might never have heard of it) described as 'captious.' Appealing in it to me, as you did, I think you would have done better to send it to me. I cannot think you have been at pains to understand me. Then you say, 'all readers must feel grateful for being informed that the sea of Tiberias may be called a sea' (such sarcasms are misplaced); the interpretation is not my own nor what I adopt, yet though it would be a truism (as you say) to say, that the Sea of Tiberias may be called a sea, it is not obvious that 'the sea' in Hos. iv. 3 might be understood of an inland lake. The Sea of Tiberias is given as an instance of it.

Dr. Pusey then cites other instances of what he regards as unkind criticism, and the letter closes with this personal note :

I write to you because as your brother's brother I knew you formerly. You have had kindly communication with my son and so has my son with you. And now while praising me in the general with a praise which I do not deserve, your disposition seemed to me to look out for faults in detail. You ascribe, I know not why, my plan of the commentary to Chamberlain, as though I had stolen his plan and worked it out. I had the idea of a commentary on the Bible in 1827, and it was in consequence of Bishop Lloyd accidentally in 1828 seeing my notes on the Psalms in his house which he had lent me, that he recommended me for the professorship. I shall not trouble you again in this way. But I wished to show you in a few instances privately that your criticisms were not well placed.

With every good wish, yours faithfully,

E. B. Pusey.

This series of letters may close with one from Joseph Robertson, the Scottish historian, and a few from Bishop Forbes who seldom gave his letters either place or date.

From Dr. Joseph Robertson

Register House, Edinburgh, July 30th 1862.

Reverend and My dear Sir,

If it is not too late to receive subscribers to the *Arbuthnott Missal*, I will be obliged by your putting down the name of the Earl of Dunraven and Mount Earle, for a fine paper copy.

I have just returned from a visit to Dunfermline and St. Andrews in company with him and the Count of Montalembert. We passed through Burntisland and it may interest you to hear that the Count's ancestor, the Sieur de Desse, held military command in the French army which occupied your town in about 1548. On the mother's side the Count is a Forbes, and as descended from the house of Corsindae, may count kin with you.

Ever faithfully yours,

JOSEPH ROBERTSON.

From Bishop Forbes

1868.

Dearest George,

I send you the MS., on two conditions, that you lose no time in looking it over and reporting on the desirableness of its publication, and secondly that you will let me have it when I come to the Synod in November, if it pleases God to spare us so long.

I doubt whether you will make any remarkable discovery. It is an 11th century MS., and the curiosity is the abiding use of this Rite in Florence till then. You know also of its continuance at St. Riquier in Picardy.

I have written to Lord Kenneth to try and move the Drummond Missal. But you know the Duc de Melfort is litigating the estate and till that is settled I suppose everything is impoverished.

I still think of a magnum opus on a Scots Calendar. This is merely a most interesting instalment.

I send you my book on the Articles. I am preparing

a second edition, so I shall gladly receive your criticisms. I am much amused with your views about Pitra.

What do you think of the coming Council at Rome? It will profoundly affect the Anglican position.

Believe me, affectionately,

Q.

August 4th 1871.

My dear George,

I must send you one scrap of affection and felicitation on the return of your birthday. Sit semper fausta dies.

I have read some of your *Scotsman* letters with great interest. Are you going to print them separately?

I have finished as far as 'M' in my 'Saints' but I find the publishers dreadfully dilatory, and the verification of so many references is plaguing to a degree. However I hope and trust to do this before next spring, so that I shall not unduly delay your Missal. How would it do to make one volume of Spicelegium out of Drummond, Adv. Lib.,[1] David de Bernham, and Florentine? It would make a very nice volume and give you room for much dissertation. Did you hear anything of M. Garcin de Tassy or Bertrand? What will Maret and Gratry do now that the Infallibility dogma is promulgated?

We have cholera in a ship in the river. I imagine we shall have it here.

I am in the throes of an oration on the character of Walter Scott. My love to Eleanor.

Ever yours affectionately,

Q.

1871.

Dearest George,

Tho' I know you are 'wora[2] firm,' as Archibald Clarke used to style the Chamberlain, I hope you will so far relax as to give me the letter for Dom Pitra. Otherwise I am likely to fail in getting into the Vatican.

Thank you for 'Sophronius.'[3] I agree with you

[1] MS. in Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

[2] 'wora'=very.

[3] Pamphlets by Bertrand.

a good deal about Newman. The extent of evil is not such a motive to atheism as the iron and inexorable laws of nature ; if you do not deny the personality of the evil one and his myrmidons, ' I jalouse that there's no richt deil ' !

I do not think that your ' collega ' meets the real historical case in favour of the Pope. It cannot be denied that in the Early Church he was always in the right, that he always persistently claimed the prerogative of St. Peter, and even such a poor creature as Vigilius testifies to the integral authority of the office. The course of the Easterns was always inconsistent. There was always a half recognition when it suited their purpose. I have had all this increasingly pressed upon me by reading Milman's *Latin Christianity*. He is very impartial, and indeed eliminates the Holy Ghost entirely as a factor in Church work.

I may look in on you on Tuesday next for a couple of hours, but send the letter in case I have to fail you.

Yours affec.,

Q.

Pitsligo,
Aberdeenshire, 1871.

Dearest George,

I have had a most interesting evening. Lord Clinton has let me rummage over a tin box of Lord Pitsligo's MSS., doquetted by our grandfather and arranged by poor Sir John. It is very odd that Sir John never showed them to me. They consist of (1) Some mystical theology written in letters to Mr. Ferguson of Pitfour. (2) Some details of his own family and of his lawsuit to recover the title. (3) A long Jacobite argument on divine right and a description of the coronation of King James. (4) Some letters from Lord George Murray and the other Jacobite leaders in 1746. (5) The account of his exile in the '15, a time that our dear father evidently knew nothing about. (6) An early edition of his book. (7) A criticism on Hoadly.

I wonder if we could do anything with them. Lord C. is so poor that he could never afford to print

them as an édition de luxe, but it seems a pity that they should remain in the tin box for ever. Can you suggest a plan ?

I hope to see you on my way to the Synod in November. Please attend to what I asked you about the photo of the Drummond.

I am in despair about my Saint book. I fear that it will drop still-born from the press on account of its price (£2 . 2 . 0). Yet the actual expense of production prevents its being made cheaper. I have finished as far as ' N ' and ' O,' so I hope to be out in spring.

Ever your loving

Q.

CHAPTER XII

A Journey in France, 1871

Few men in Scotland were as well informed on French political conditions as George Forbes. Upon his mind, almost as on the mind of a French subject, was engraved the whole record of French history from 1840 till 1870. His knowledge was not that of isolated events derived at second hand from the English press. It was acquired by long familiarity with the French press and by continuous intercourse with French people of all classes. He numbered among his friends not only priests and scholars and library attendants, but also business men and women of the middle classes, servants and peasants of the lower classes, and at least one figure well known in public life, Count Montalembert, learned and liberal Catholic as well as liberal and patriotic statesman.

Though now only fifty-three years of age, Forbes had seen mighty changes brought about in France, monarchy swept away by republic, and republic by empire. He had witnessed from 1853 till 1870 the rebuilding of Paris by Baron Haussmann, resulting in an almost unhealthy prosperity of the Parisian working classes. He had at close quarters observed the rising spirit of socialism, fanned by the propaganda of countless pamphleteers and augmented by the visionary theories of the Emperor himself, setting on fire the working men of Paris like a religion. The land was full of idols. Politicians bowed to opportunism, socialists were making a god of the world, while religion was in the hands of the ultramontane party whose idol, as Montalembert said, was in the Vatican. What could be the end of all this? Just when Forbes was quietly making preparations in July 1870 for an autumn visit to France, with startling sud-

denness war between France and Germany was declared and Napoleon III strung his armies along a line from St. Quentin to Metz. In less than six months France was beaten to her knees, Paris was besieged, the Emperor was imprisoned in Wilhelmshöhe, and Bismarck imposed the unheard-of indemnity of £200,000,000.

In his parsonage Forbes went about his daily occupations with a heavy heart, as news of successive disasters were reported. Letters from his friends telling of privation and distress caused him to wonder if there ever could be any future for his beloved France. He gave generously of his own means for the relief of the distressed, and got the children of his flock to contribute their pennies to a fund for refugees. When the war was over better news reached him, and he tried to picture the social condition of a country struggling out of the disaster of defeat. The Abbé Bertrand had told him that Paris was quite safe for English people, and if that were so, why should he not go to the north-east of France and try from there to make his way westward to the former scenes of war? Ordinarily in his trips abroad either his wife or Miss Forbes accompanied him. This time he would have to go alone, for the country was too unsettled for ladies to travel. His friends thought he was mad, but he laughed at their fears, saying no people in the world were so considerate to a cripple and an invalid as the French. 'Well,' said one philo-German friend, 'at any rate you will be all right when you reach my friends of the spiked helmet; the Germans are far more cultured and civil than the French.' 'We shall see,' said Forbes, 'and be sure that I shall tell you if you are right.'

I

Leaving a locum tenens in charge of his church, he set out with a carpet bag for luggage, his old plaid strapped to it, and his crutches newly tipped at the ends with indiarubber to keep him from slipping. Travelling from Edinburgh on the first of June 1871, he spent a night in London, and next day journeyed via Dover and Calais to Douai in the north-east corner of France.

A journalist by instinct, he began to write in Douai a series of letters to the *Scotsman* newspaper, which he continued as he went westward from place to place. These letters he preserved, and to-day they are as fresh to read as when they were written over fifty years ago. Indeed they are more vivid to modern readers than they were in 1871, for they relate to places and conditions with which the war of 1914–18 has made us all sadly familiar. These letters along with a few others from friends in France are the sources of this chapter. His tour took a month to complete, and his custom was to stay sometimes for a day or two in one place and occasionally for nearly a week, going about freely among people of all classes and endeavouring to form a true estimate of military, social, and religious conditions.

Writing from Douai he thus describes the object of his tour :

> One of my interests, however, this time, is to try to find out the effects of the late war on the social position of the different classes of the population. Long before I had read *The Battle of Dorking*, I was in the habit of speculating how such a visitation would affect ourselves, with our still more artificial development of banking and credit. And I shall be very curious to trace the effects of it on France. I am now almost on the limits of the territory which the Prussians never reached, and I hope to work my way on to Rheims at least, if not to Nancy, which are still occupied by the enemy. Only, it would suit me better to see a small district, and to see it well, rather than to pass hastily over a longer distance.

A vivid description of the middle-class women in France follows. Forbes on the whole was not attracted by them, noting their ' cleverness in managing, their great hardness under a polished exterior, and the general absence of the specially feminine qualities of trustfulness and affection.' Yet he is bound to confess that he never saw in France homes so slatternly and uncomfortable as were some in Scotland. What struck him at first most was the quiet and peace of the country.

I cannot conclude this letter without again bearing witness to the perfect quiet of this district. A party of travellers might 'do' all the sights without discovering that anything extraordinary had happened to the country within the last twelvemonth. Everything is going on as usual, and there is much less chance of meeting anything unpleasant than in one of our own Scotch towns on the evening of the fast-day of our national religion.

Leaving Douai he struck westward, following roughly the line of the British and French front during the late war. He came across the Prussians first at St. Quentin, and from that place onwards 'all the stations, even the quite little ones, were literally swarming with them.' Here matters 'became decidedly unpleasant; everywhere was delay, irregularity and confusion; the railway people evidently not daring to call their souls their own.' On the journey from St. Quentin to Bar le Duc, he had to take things as they came and keep his temper. There were, however, no signs of poverty even in this occupied area. The tables d'hôte were 'amazing from the variety of poultry and vegetables which were successively offered.' The markets at Rheims were crowded, work was plentiful, and the shops busy. The Prussians had only eaten what would have been sent to Paris.

While acknowledging that some Germans behaved well, he found the great majority 'overbearing and exacting,' and he himself witnessed more than one act of Teutonic barbarity. Here is a specimen.

At the station at Rheims I witnessed a scene which even now I can scarcely describe calmly. I wish the author of the article in *Blackwood* had seen it, for it might have suggested a telling paragraph towards the close. How the quarrel began, or who was the aggressor I do not know; but my attention was suddenly arrested by a group of six or seven stalwart Germans who had seized an unfortunate French soldier. The lad (for he was no more) was struggling bitterly, but of course, one against so many, he had not the ghost of a chance—indeed he would not have been a

match for any one of them ; so he was hustled forward, struck repeatedly while his arms were held, and then thrown with violence on the asphalt pavement, and kicked while down. I turned away in disgust, but I will not soon forget the poor lad's expression of passionate, helpless rage and shame as he lay on the ground. On getting into the train, I spoke of it to my next neighbour. 'Que voulez-vous, Monsieur? It happens every day. The other day at St. Quentin they killed a poor chasseur. He got into a quarrel with a German, and he was not armed and the German was ; so he was stabbed ! ' . . .

And all this is deepening the national feeling of hate and revenge, which I find steadily increasing in intensity as I come further into the country. People are willing to wait ten, twenty years if necessary, to make any sacrifices necessary to reorganise the army, and when the moment arrives, will strike a blow for the recovery of their lost fellow-countrymen, and for the Rhine provinces besides, as compensation for the brutal terms of peace they have to submit to, owing to the unpreparedness of the Imperial government. Will they succeed in this? Time will show. But if all France is animated with the same spirit as I have met with here, I would really hope they may succeed. I use the word hope deliberately, because their success must be preceded by a moral regeneration of the nation ; and that will be a great gain.

II

Bar le Duc was no great distance from Morley, on the Marne, where long ago he had lived for two years as a boy in the vain hope of gaining the use of his limbs. Though off the railway, he resolved to visit the haunts of his youth, thinking that if the village had suffered much in consequence of the war he might be of some use.

A letter to the curé produced a rather piteous tale ; but I always like to see things with my own eyes, when possible ; so I resolved to gratify a long-cherished wish

of revisiting a spot where I had spent some bright days of early life, more especially as I found that all my old friends had not left the place, as I had been told many years ago at Paris.

A little diligence, only an hour and a half behind its time, conveyed him to Ligny, which had been for some time during the previous autumn the head-quarters of the Crown Prince of Prussia. From Ligny he went as sole passenger in another diligence to Montier, the coach picking up another passenger or two on the way. It was dark when he reached the village of Morley ; the inn was full ; there was no room in the café,

and at last, in despair, I had to throw myself unannounced on the hospitality of the widow of my old friend. Fortunately the enquiries which the curé had made on receipt of my letter had in some degree prepared the household for my arrival, and I at once found myself saluted by my Christian name by two old servants, who had waited on me as a boy, and had remained in the family ever since, and, on going in, was welcomed with a cordiality which soon made me forget, in tales of auld lang syne, the fourteen hours' travelling I had had since the morning.

Tales of German atrocity were told on every hand, and some of them Forbes took the trouble to investigate. Of one, describing the shooting of a peasant, Forbes writes :

I fear I have occupied too much of your columns already ; but I must ask you to let me give vent to my indignation at this atrocious, cold-blooded murder. The whole civilised world has been horrified by the conduct of communists at Paris. But even the death of the excellent Archbishop, and of the learned and upright Judge and of their companions, is surpassed in my mind by the butchery of this poor and obscure country labourer.

Everywhere he found evidence of the 'system of utterly unscrupulous terrorism which cared neither for God's law nor for man's.' In thieving the Germans seem to have been masters, and the thefts were often of

the meanest description ; but when a Prussian behaved like a gentleman the villagers were never slow to praise his conduct.

Much as he sympathised with France, Forbes was by no means blind to her defects. These he exposes with unsparing severity. French soldiers blamed their leaders for their defeat, and were themselves quite complacent about their own share in the war, but it was as clear as day that the armies were nearly as lacking in courage as their generals were in leadership. The officials of many towns and villages simply ran away from their posts when the Prussians appeared, and on the disappearance of the local bureaucracy no one was left to take the lead.

From Morley Forbes went on to St. Mihiel, having by this time spent about three weeks in France. Here he found railways and coaches full of returned prisoners from Germany, among whom the feeling against the conquerors was intensely bitter owing to the needless amount of hardship to which they had been subjected. At Fresne en Wœvre (not far from Verdun and Pont-à-Mousson), where a German patois was spoken, his tour ended ; but from this place he wrote at some length of the growth of socialism in France which he attributed to 'the idle rich,' a class who the moment they retired from business wholly or partially became both rich and idle. For such men there was no chance, as in Britain, of gaining scope for their energy by buying land and taking a pride in improving it. In France commerce and land were, as far as could be, cut off from each other ; peasant proprietorship was a doubtful blessing. The worst side of French social life was its frankly materialist spirit. Everybody seemed to care for nothing but to make money. The old idealism and chivalry were gone. Regeneration of soul was France's supreme need, and that was impossible unless religion pure and undefiled took possession of the hearts of the people.

III

The condition of the French Church in 1871 was far from inspiring in any observer hope for the future of the

nation. The Vatican council had recently decreed the infallibility of the Pope, and the French clergy appeared to be more interested in the question of the Pope's temporal power than in the regeneration of France. No doubt Forbes was biassed, but he was no ignorant Protestant, devoid of sympathy with Catholic principles ; neither was he a stranger writing of a Church which he did not understand. Yet his deliberate opinion was that the new school of ultramontanes seemed

> scarcely to have preserved a remnant of Christianity or even of Theism. I know well what a serious charge this is, and would shrink from making it, were I not writing with my name. It is now twenty-seven years since I began to study attentively the state of religion in France, and I am much struck, not merely with the way this new party has gained in extent, but also by the steady growth of its opinions. I have no hesitation in saying that there are heathen tribes that are practically nearer the truth than the new ultramontanes in France. But certainly all worship of God seems to have disappeared—being replaced by a devotion to the blessed Virgin ; the Holy Trinity is superseded by a new one, 'J., M., J.'—that is, 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph,' who are put quite on a level. When our blessed Lord is alluded to, it is only as a man, and generally as an infant, but never as the God and Judge of all. A Catholic priest said to me the other day —'These gentlemen have certainly simplified matters greatly. They have reduced the Creed to a single article—"I believe in the Pope ;" the Bible to a single verse—"Thou art Peter ;" worship to a single observance—"Thou shalt worship the blessed Virgin ;" and duty to a single rule—In every difficulty consult the Sacred Congregation at Rome, and obey it exactly.' And really there is not much exaggeration in this.
>
> There are many outward tokens of this thorough substitution of a new religion in place of Christianity. Thus, formerly, while the moderate party scarcely worshipped the blessed Virgin at all, the ultras only did so in her connection with our blessed Lord. She

was represented as receiving the message of Gabriel, as holding her infant in her arms, or as sorrowing by the Cross. We look on the honour paid to her in these capacities by the older ultra-Romanists as a deplorable exaggeration ; but still it had some connection with the truth. But in her images which are now in fashion, all reference to our Saviour has disappeared. There is no figure of the Child, but she is represented standing alone, crowned as the Queen of Heaven, the dispenser of mercy and consolation to mankind. Formerly she was but one of the company of saints, but now she is placed in a wholly different category, and her dedication is superseding the old ones of Churches. Even poor St. Peter is ' nowhere,' which is surely very ungrateful, considering how much is built on the three words, ' Thou art Peter.'

Forbes expressly distinguishes this new party from the old moderate Gallican party which in his view did not differ, except in phraseology and in minor details, from the old orthodox school of Anglican High Churchmen. And he exempted also from his censure the old ultramontanes of whom Montalembert might be taken as a specimen. But the ultras, as he called them, with their cult of the Pope and the Blessed Sacrament, their meagre theology, and their new sentimental devotions, their guilds and medals, had captured the French Church, the older clergy looking on with, says Forbes, ' a fear and dislike equal to my own, but afraid to protest because of their bishops, who in their turn dare not offend the ultramontane party.'

The celibacy of the clergy Forbes regards as a great evil. He gladly admits that the rule of chastity is well kept in France, but he asks, at what price ? He then proceeds to trace to this cause the incapacity of the clergy to affect the social life of the nation. ' The element that ought to diffuse around it an atmosphere of Christianity is carefully strained off from society. The salt that ought to preserve society from corruption is gathered into a separate heap, and then men wonder that vice and disorder grow apace.' Forbes' outspoken views on this

question shocked some of his readers, his own brother among them. In writing so strongly as he did, he insisted that he was considering, not the truth or falsehood of the practices which he condemned, but their moral and social value in the life of the nation.

> I wish I could see a ray or two of hope to break the gloom which hangs over the atmosphere of France. It is possible that the tremendous blow which France has received may for a time induce her statesmen and legislators to lay aside selfish ends and personal antipathies ; but the only permanent remedy must come from an elevation of the moral tone. And I fear that, as a body, the clergy are utterly incompetent to effect this.

IV

Early in July he was in Paris in his old quarters near the Palais Royal. There he continued his letters to the *Scotsman*, because, as he says, the writing of them ' fills up some long evening hours after my day's work in the Library is done and my day's strength worn out, and so prevents them from hanging heavy on hand.' He found everything in Paris just as it used to be, down to the ' cries ' of old Paris which were in full blast, the old clo' man, the pot and pan mender, the cake-seller, and the rest. But there were signs in abundance of the bombardment of Paris and of the greater destruction wrought by the burning of buildings in the rising of the Commune.

> I am now settling down to my usual quiet life here. I have driven through a good many of the streets, and am beginning to know the various kinds of destruction that have been at work. The first day I was out, I fear I lowered myself terribly in the estimation of one of those most civil men, the omnibus conductors, by asking whether a particular ruin had been caused by a shell. ' That, Monsieur,' he replied, in a tone of profound pity for my provincial ignorance, ' that's petroleum ! '

The two species of devastation are, indeed, very distinct. That from bombardment is chiefly seen in the suburbs, where there are many sad scenes of desolation. Some were caused by the Prussians during their attack ; and I must say that all they did to Paris itself, in the way of bombarding it, seems to have been utterly wanton and unjustifiable by the principles of war. The town was being subdued, steadily and surely, by the operation of famine ; there was no possibility of succour coming to it from without. Under such circumstances the bombarding of the left bank of the Seine was indefensible. It did not hasten the capitulation by a single day ; but it deepened the national animosity, which was deep enough already in all conscience. War is a stern mistress and sometimes requires hecatombs of human victims ; but this is only where some great object is to be gained. Here, however, there was nothing of the sort ; so that I freely assert that everyone who died by the Prussian bombardment was gratuitously murdered.

Still, in some degree, the evils of bombardment are fair, according to the necessities of war, but the burnings were the act of desperate men, who wished to do as much mischief as they could, out of mere spite.

The Parisians were emphatic that the Prussians were at the bottom of this successful attempt to humble their country and disfigure their city, especially in the destruction of the graceful Place Vendôme column.

That among the leaders of the Commune there were some thoroughly honest fanatics is admitted, but it is urged that there were others who were simply in the pay of Prussia and that she connived at the movement until her objects were carried out.

He describes the murder of the hostages by the Commune :

In the first place then, they all died as devout Christians. Among the laymen arrested, there was naturally the usual proportion (a large one, I regret to say, in France) of unbelievers ; but during their

captivity, with the prospect of death constantly kept before their eyes, they, without exception, took a better thought. And one man was especially mentioned to me, who had been not merely contemptuously indifferent to religion but actively hostile to it, who died blessing God for having brought him into that distress, because it had been the means of showing him his great error.

They all received the Communion the day before they died. I do not know why neither the Archbishop nor any of his clergy celebrated the Holy Communion in the prison. Perhaps their captors prevented them, or possibly the very rigid rubrics of the Latin Church made it impossible. But a pious woman carried the consecrated Eucharist into the prison in a basket, hid under some butter, and all, with several of those who escaped, partook of the memorial of their Saviour's still more cruel death.

The old Gallican party are very proud that it is they alone that furnished these victims. No ultramontane of mark was seized, nor any Protestant. They try to make them out as martyrs, though not to any specific article of the creed, yet to the sacred principle of 'la famille' which, if the truth must be told, has great need to be witnessed to in France.

The last letter deals with contemporary French politics and is remarkable for an acute criticism of the Second Empire and for a striking contrast between the two Napoleons, uncle and nephew. While Forbes was thus delivering himself at his hotel in the evenings on political and social affairs, he was spending laborious days in the National Library, transcribing and collating in his favourite arm-chair the Lectionary of Luxeuil 'communicated to me,' he says, 'with a courtesy which contrasted with the rude churlishness I experienced at the British Museum when I was there four years ago.' The love of the scholar for the precious documents of former ages was well matched by the passion of the social reformer for order and good government.

CHAPTER XIII

1871–1879

Fragments, 1871–1874

Forbes returned from France a tired man, but in August and September had picked up strength enough to carry him through the winter. In the following summer he felt well enough to travel to Nancy in quest of manuscripts.

Unfortunately, soon after his arrival there, he met with an accident which nearly proved fatal. He had returned from the library one day and was swinging through the hall of his hotel, when suddenly his crutches slipped on the polished tiles and he was dashed to the floor. The shock was terrific, every nerve in his frail body quivered with pain, and for several days he was quite helpless. Carefully nursed, he slowly recovered, and as soon as he was able to travel he set off for home accompanied by a French nurse. He reached Burntisland safely, but when his wife saw him on the boat entering the harbour she was heart-stricken. George was a changed man, a mere shadow of his former self.

1872 was a wretched year. To convey himself down the narrow stair to the printing room was now beyond him. John Gray had often to leave his printing machine and mount the stair to the study seeking instructions, and there was an increasing gravity in his tone as he gave Mr. Forbes his morning greeting, 'And hoo are ye this mornin', Sir?' The doctor, at no time a rare visitor, was now constantly to be seen mounting the steps to the parsonage. These were signs whose significance Forbes knew well. If he forgot them for a week or two, a racking cough in the winter soon made their meaning clear. A curate would have been a god-send, but a

curate required a licence and a licence needed a Bishop. The next best thing was clerical assistance on Sundays or help from a locum tenens. Towards the end of this period, by a happy arrangement, Dr. Cazenove, a brilliant scholar, was able to give assistance on Sundays with some regularity, travelling to Burntisland on Saturday night, and returning to his own duties on Monday morning. Nevertheless the question of clerical supply was a constant worry which made severe demands on the declining strength of both Forbes and his wife. It was not, however, their nature to complain. Self-sacrifice, and the courage to carry it through, were in their view elementary Christian qualities. Forbes might have resigned his pastoral charge, but to abandon his half-built church and to move his books, four thousand in number, was out of the question ; besides, there was no stipend for a successor. So he resolved to hold on. His study was strewn with fragments of work calling for completion, and there were besides fresh undertakings not far from the finishing stage.

I

Among the fragments that which most attracted him was a work begun some years before, and planned on a scale that would have occupied the lifetime of the strongest man. This was a commentary on the book of Ecclesiastes, with notes not only on the Hebrew text but also on the Septuagint, Persian, and other versions. For this work he acquired special types for printing some of the versions, going so far as to obtain Georgian type, which was then exceedingly rare. He had written and printed, some years before, about a hundred pages of introductory matter, containing curious reflections on Scripture as a whole, and on this book in particular. According to Forbes the author of Ecclesiastes is a pessimist, a materialist, and a thoroughly wicked man, and the inclusion of the book in the Canon of Scripture is for warning and reproof, like the speeches of bad characters in the other books of the Old Testament. It is, however, the commentary that shows the gigantic nature of Forbes'

undertaking. Only a few pages of this were printed in 1873, though Forbes had been working at the subject more or less since 1862. But the fragments that remain are sufficient to show the length to which Forbes' industry could go. Each verse was printed separately in Hebrew, Aramaic, Greek, Hexapla Syriac, Armenian, Latin, Peshitto, Polyglot Arabic, Persian, and Venice Greek—twelve forms in all, including the original Hebrew text, two Greek, and three Latin versions. To see these versions of a single passage, beautifully printed, is a delight to the scholar's eye, and although little fresh light is thrown on the interpretation of the original by some of them, yet it is extraordinarily interesting to study with so little trouble the different ways in which the original text has been rendered. Forbes had acquired a working knowledge of all these languages, coming to Hebrew through Syriac, and then taking up Persian and Arabic. He had for long made a special study of the Septuagint version, and had reached the curious conclusion that its authors were providentially guided, if not inspired, to amend the meaning of the original in an Evangelical direction.

I am inclined to believe that Forbes regarded this work as the greatest production of the Pitsligo Press. He certainly took immense pains, regardless of cost, to get the best type. But the mere setting up of the type with his own hand was a slow and arduous business, and Forbes' comments on the text were by no means modelled on the curt style of Bengel. To elucidate four verses, twenty pages, including the printing of the versions, were required, yet in the notes there is no labouring of the obvious, still less anything suggestive of padding. The book was, as he tells us, undertaken from a conviction that something should be done to remove the reproach that Biblical study had ceased to exercise the minds of churchmen. We may look upon it also as one of Forbes' relaxations from his liturgical work, taken up as a change from the scrutiny and collation of liturgical manuscripts.

II

Here may be summarised his further contributions in the field of research that was peculiarly his own. Forbes, as we have seen, was as deeply interested in the living worship of the Church as in the liturgical wealth of the past. In his own church he used a form of the Scottish Communion Office compiled by himself, and he justified his departure from the accepted Use on the ground that the Scottish Church had never formally established a standard text. Until that step was taken by the Church, he held that the clergy, with the approval of their Bishops, might exercise their liberty, and that in course of time the best form of service for the Eucharist would be evolved.

Of Forbes' edition of the Scottish Liturgy Bishop Dowden wrote as follows :

> The chief interest of this edition, which, so far as I am aware, was used only at St. Serf's, Burntisland, is that it contains many variations deserving consideration, as coming from one who was beyond all question the most eminent liturgiologist in the Scottish Church since the death of Rattray—the late George Hay Forbes.[1]

The principal changes were these. He added to the beginning of the Consecration Prayer some words of thanksgiving for creation, an admirable idea but somewhat baldly expressed by a literal translation from the Greek liturgy of St. James. To the Invocation he appended a few words indicating the purpose of consecration, translating these also from the Greek. In accordance with the Gospel narrative and primitive practice, he omitted the Fraction from the Consecration Prayer and placed it immediately before Communion. He improved, by shortening, 'Ye that do truly,' omitted from the Confession the sentence, 'we do earnestly repent . . . is intolerable' as being unreal and as savouring of Lutheranism ; and styled the Absolution

[1] *Annotated Scottish Communion Office*, p. 261.

'This Benediction,' though he preferred its omission on the ground that communion is the real absolution. One curious rubric, inserted on the authority of Cardinal Bona and others, ran as follows: 'It was the ancient and universal custom for the Presbyter when he offered the bread and mixed wine upon the Altar to place the paten in the middle and the chalice close to it at its south side.' The reservation rubric was more emphatic than that in the present edition of the Scottish Liturgy: 'The Presbyter shall reserve of the consecrated gifts if required for the communion of the sick or of others who could not be present at the celebration.' In a tract which he wrote in explanation of his revision of the liturgy the following characteristic sentences occur:

> It is, then, in no spirit of censure on those that have gone before him, or as finding fault with what they did, that the Publisher now ventures to revise their work. The obligations we are under to them can hardly be exaggerated. But he feels convinced that he is now dutifully treading in their steps and carrying out their wishes, in making a further approach to what they revered as the standards of the Church's Liturgy. They did as much as prudence would allow them in the circumstances of the Church at the time; and if we are now able to make further progress in the same direction, it is owing to the vantage ground which they gained for us.
>
> Nor need we fear that people's minds will be unsettled by such a revision. To attempt to rely on any stereotyped unchangeableness of a Liturgy, is so far to forfeit our connection with the early Church. We see how ill it has worked in the case of the Church of England, where it has both led the great majority of her less educated members to believe that their Church dates only from the compilation of her present Prayer Book, and also makes them suppose (as we often have cause to regret) that no two branches of the Church can really be parts of the same great body, unless their Service Books are identical.
>
> If, therefore, we wish to identify ourselves in feeling

and position, with the martyrs and doctors of the first ages, and to trust the defence of our Office to the principles by which they would have upheld it, we must be prepared to give up this modern, English notion, as a human device which (like Teetotalism or any other similar contrivance for doing God's work more effectually than by God's own methods) will do much more harm than good. The only real protection for the Scotch Communion Office consists in the firm grasp we have of the true doctrine of the unbloody Sacrifice of the Gospel, and in the explicitness with which this is embodied in our formulary. If the Publisher has succeeded, even in minor points, in making it a more correct representation of what was in use at the beginning, he feels convinced that he has contributed not a little to strengthen it against its assailants.

III

His devotion to the Scottish Liturgy amounted to a passion, some said to a craze. Forbes' mind, however, was not so constituted as to put up with any form of words. Language was the vehicle of truth, and to employ slipshod words in the worship of God was presumption and irreverence. His objection to the English Liturgy sprang from this feeling. He refused to read into it what was not there, and disliked the popular tendency to read Catholic meanings into Protestant phrases ; his endeavour was to get the phrases altered so that they spoke the truth. In the Book of Common Prayer he saw the marks of defect written on its face, and he risked his reputation as a churchman by denouncing them. Only by frankly recognising the imperfections of the present Prayer Book was there any chance of gaining a service book at once Catholic and suited to the needs of the day.

To show how such a book might be obtained with as little change as possible in the Prayer Book of 1662, Forbes wrote an article in the *Panoply* which was virtually a quarto volume of more than 100 pages. I have read most of the extensive literature published in connec-

tion with the recent revision of the Prayer Book ; but there is nothing in these publications to be compared for thoroughness, for suggestiveness, and for practical common sense with the exhaustive treatment of the subject by George Forbes. He was in advance of the revisers of 1927 in dealing with the introduction to Mattins and Evensong, for he desired not only to abbreviate the Exhortation as monotonous, but also to shorten the General Confession as prolix, and on weekdays to omit the Absolution, which, as it stood, appeared only to convey information. Additional Proper Psalms were advocated, though these, he thought, would be less necessary if Introits at the Eucharist were revived. The Benedicite should be shortened and confined to weekdays in Lent and Advent, while the Parisian Breviary was commended for its use of additional Scripture canticles such as Isaiah xlix. 13–21 and lxiii. 1–5 ; and Rev. iv. 3–4. He remarks that Bishop Jolly habitually substituted 'living creatures' for the A.V. 'beasts' in reading the Epistle for Trinity Sunday, and sees no reason why that example should not be followed by any reader of Holy Scripture who desired to make an obscure word plain. To lighten the difficulties of the unlearned, a small book containing only the Sunday services should be published ; and those parts of the book most frequently used might well be printed on thicker paper than the rest.

Among the minor suggestions are the following : The words 'He descended into Hell' should be attached to 'the third day He rose again,' as in the Baptismal Office ; the state prayers should be slightly shortened and the prayer for Parliament pruned of its verbosity ; in the Litany the confused order of the suffrages should be rearranged.

Forbes also favours a new translation of the Athanasian Creed and, believing that a literal translation fails to express the real meaning of the author of the canticle, submits the following bold rendering :

> Whosoever desires to be saved ; before all things it is needful that he hold the Catholic faith :

Which faith whoever shall obstinately reject : without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. . . .

He, therefore, who desires to be saved : ought thus to believe of the Trinity.

And it is equally necessary to everlasting salvation : that he also believe rightly the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. . . .

This is the Catholic faith : which if a man reject obstinately he shall not be saved.

The Lessons he would curtail considerably, on the practical ground that a short passage, read slowly and understood, is much more profitable than forty verses rapidly read and imperfectly followed. He suggests more Proper Prefaces, and condemns the Whitsunday Preface as 'prosaic to a degree almost without parallel in the English Prayer Book.' A long section of the article is devoted to the revision of the Collects ; and if Forbes' rendering is not always successful, at least he makes out a strong case for the reconsideration of many of them. On the Kalendar he has much to say, and ends an acute criticism of it thus :

But it seems very unreal to confine the Kalendar to any particular period, and to admit no name to it after some definite epoch. The spiritual life of the Church is continuous, and although our present plan of having no local commemorations creates considerable difficulty, yet surely there are some, such as Ken and Thomas Wilson, which would commend themselves to the affectionate remembrance of all. Nor need we shrink from adding names from our brethren of other branches of the Church, from whom we are unhappily separated from outward communion. If the primitive doctrine and practice with regard to such commemorations were revived, instead of the modern teaching in the Roman Churches, and while thanks were given to God for the good works which they had been enabled by His grace to achieve, prayers were also offered for them as still imperfect and still waiting for judgment, there could be no difficulty in profiting by the examples of

such men as St. Francis de Sales, St. Charles of Milan, St. Francis Xavier, or the pious Fénelon, men whose names even now have become household words among us, in spite of differences of race and language and the still more serious separation brought about by 'our unhappy divisions.'

He concludes with a long note on 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' his opinion of which may be gathered from this quotation :

> The first point I would mention with regard to this particular collection is the large proportion of hymns in it that are addressed to our Blessed Lord. I do not for a moment question the lawfulness of this, but it should not be carried too far.
>
> Its special danger is its tendency to pass into a worship of Christ as man, appealing to His human sympathies in a way unexampled in the ancient Collects, but sadly common in many recent Romish devotions.
>
> The practice with regard to hymns ought to be the same as with regard to Collects, and on this point I would refer to some remarks in a former Article. (Vol. II, 275.) As a rule they should be addressed to God the Father, and those addressed to God the Son or to God the Holy Ghost should be quite exceptional.
>
> Further, all references to our Blessed Lord's manhood, as being a ground for expecting greater tenderness from Him than from His Father (as if the uncreated love of God was exceeded in tenderness by the created human love of Christ), should be entirely excluded. And in connexion with this, it is to be regretted that so many hymns have been taken from modern Roman Catholic writers. Some of them are not only tinged by this error but display a sickliness of tone and exaggeration of sentiment which stands out in marked contrast to the manly and vigorous older hymns. I have no doubt that they are popular, but that only increases the danger.

IV

Forbes, like other more recent scholars, experienced great difficulty in gaining access to the libraries in Spain. Even with friends like Montalembert in support, he failed to obtain access to manuscripts which he desired to examine. On one occasion he even went so far as to appeal to the Empress Eugénie, herself a Spaniard, who at the time was living in England. Probably Forbes' anti-Roman views, now pretty well known, alarmed the Spanish ecclesiastics, who could hardly be expected to give the liturgist credit for being also a gentleman unlikely to abuse their hospitality. The result was that the fourth volume of the Gallican Liturgies was held up, though it seems to have been almost ready for the press. In hope of a future visit to Spain, Forbes laid this work aside, and in place of it took up the Drummond Missal, the manuscript of which, though known in the eighteenth century, had been completely forgotten until rediscovered by Bishop Forbes at Drummond Castle in 1861. By the end of 1874 the text of this Irish Missal with brief notes was in type and most of the Preface finished, but the work was constantly interrupted by spells of illness which left the writer weary and exhausted for days and even weeks at a time. Often the physical strain of searching among his own papers for a reference was too much for him, and he would say to his wife with a sigh, ' Never mind now ; we shall find it again. I'll go ahead and come back to this later.' When the sheets were struck off, he found that these gaps had mounted up to a considerable number. They reproached him like the holes in his plaid, only these concerned himself alone while the little omissions in his book were certain to trouble others. So like a soldier of truth he made a supreme effort before the book was printed off, searched out the Sarum references, and wrote two pages of corrections and additions that filled most of the gaps. There are heroes of the pen as well as of the sword, and Forbes was one, worthy to rank with the Venerable Bede, who spent his last minutes of working power in dictating an English version of St. John's

Gospel, and called his work 'finished' when the last sentence had been written.

At this time the fourth part of an edition of the Sarum Missal was nearly ready for publication. This work had been going on for nearly twenty years. The editor was F. H. Dickinson, who had much in common with his printer. From Dickinson's letters it would appear that Forbes was practically joint editor of the Missal and not merely publisher, for he made frequent suggestions on the text and prepared elaborate indexes. Had he done no more than superintend the printing of so great a work, his trouble would have been considerable, but employing as he did partly unskilled labour, he was obliged to direct in person the printing of the sheets, and to correct each one before it went to Mr. Dickinson for final revision.

V

During these four years Forbes had gradually withdrawn from public activities, except Town Council business at home. Occasionally he attended a meeting of the Diocesan Synod at Perth: no pleasant duty, since Bishop Wordsworth's ban was still upon the Cathedral, and the meetings of the Synod were as remarkable for displays of temper on the part of the Bishop as they were for heated outbursts on the part of the clergy. Forbes strongly disapproved of the Bishop's endeavour to turn the Cathedral clergy into mere curates of the Diocesan, and at the Synod freely spoke his mind; but he was often glad to absent himself on the ground of health from the unseemly assemblies over which his Bishop presided. Occasionally his name would appear at the end of a letter to the *Scottish Guardian*; now pleading for loyalty to 'the romantic traditions of our Scottish history which take their place in the Church along with those other handmaids of religion, the love of music and poetry, the love of what is grand in nature, beautiful in Christian architecture, and pure in painting'; now advocating the Scottish use in the service of Confirmation as emphasising the sacramental nature of the rite; now proving Dr. Littledale wrong about the Eastward Position, and showing

that the Scottish Liturgy is not concerned with either 'north end' or 'north side'; now advocating the removal of the Theological College from the boys' school at Glenalmond and its association with the University of Edinburgh. These were, however, rare incursions into the regions of public affairs. Forbes from this time had to resign himself to the life of an invalid. That by no means meant for him idleness. He went on with the Drummond Missal and his commentary on Ecclesiastes all through the year 1873, writing more than seventy pages of the latter, and enjoying the novelty of setting up Hebrew, Armenian, Persian, and Syriac type. Honours never came his way, for the Church was more interested in its finance than in learning. But indifferent though he was to the praise of men, he must have been gratified as well as surprised when a request came from the editor that he should write some articles for the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He promised three for the first two volumes, and finished two of them in the spring of 1874, one on Altar and the other on Amphitheatre. The third, on manuscripts and versions of the Bible, written in collaboration with Professor Robertson Smith, was upon a subject on which he had acquired a vast amount of information in the course of his collation of Liturgical Scripture Lessons with many of the known MSS. and versions of the Bible; and he hoped to be equal to a round of libraries in the following year before sending this article to the press. But with the new year his health grew more feeble, and the article was never completed.

CHAPTER XIV

Last Days

Though his life now hung by no more than a thread, no one at the parsonage was seriously alarmed. Illness in the past had so periodically laid him aside, and recovery had been so regular, that the present attack, though more prolonged, seemed to be little out of the common. The day's work went on as usual, the only difference being that the strings of copy going to the printing room were now much reduced.

I

In May his doctor took a grave view of his condition and ordered him to go abroad for at least six months as soon as he could get some one to take charge of the church. It was easier said than done, for temporary curates were hard to find. He tried the usual sources of supply, but at the end of June he was no nearer a settlement than he was in May. On the 30th of June, much against advice, he insisted on going to London on Town Council business, and, having a few hours to spare, called on his sister, Lady Abercromby. In conversation with her he mentioned casually that he hoped to spend a few weeks in Paris and then go south to Spain in search of sunshine and manuscripts; 'but,' he added, with a certain solemnity that impressed his sister, 'I doubt this time I shall leave my bones in Père-Lachaise.'[1] His 'I doubt' was the Scotch way of saying 'I think,' and his wasted, shrunken form confirmed his words. So struck was Lady Abercromby with both, that the same evening she wrote off a cheery letter to the parsonage, wishing

[1] Cemetery.

George a safe journey and saying he would cheat the Père-Lachaise yet, and return home ready for another book. It was not, however, till September that final arrangements were made. Mrs. Forbes was to remain in the parsonage and look after the locum tenens, the school and the press, while her husband, accompanied by Marie, was to leave on September 30.

One day that month Bishop Forbes came from Dundee to say good-bye to his brother. Seeing how tired he was, the Bishop proposed that George should be left in the afternoon to rest, while the others made a short expedition to the island of Inchcolm to see the ruins of the monastery there. Mrs. Forbes at once ordered a boat, and the party set out, George calling after them that even the Bishop would be quite safe that windless day. They were soon on the island, and calculated that with an hour there the Bishop could be home in time to catch his train to Dundee. Soon, however, the wind rose, and by the time they started homewards the sea was a swirl of white horses. The Bishop with one eye on his watch and the other on the waves was anything but comfortable, and Mrs. Forbes slyly asked him if he would not rather miss his train than go on ! They were late in arriving at the parsonage, and the Bishop had just time to take a hurried leave of his brother. It was their last meeting. The Bishop himself fell ill soon after, though no one imagined then that his life was in danger.

On the appointed day George took his departure, carried on board the ferry-boat to his old place on the deck. He reached London safely, but in the hotel that night it was clear to his adopted daughter that he should never have left home. For hours he was shaken by paroxysms of coughing, and only sank into sleep in the early morning from sheer exhaustion. But to her surprise he was down next morning, ordering a cab to take him to his familiar haunt, the British Museum, where he worked till the afternoon.

After a fatiguing journey they reached Paris, and the sight of the gay city, every street of which he knew well, seemed to revive something of the old eager spirit. With his well-thumbed chart of manuscripts in his

pocket, he began his visits to the Bibliothèque. But a few hours' study now drove him back to his hotel wearied and depressed. Yet even in this short time he enjoyed one last thrill. He discovered in the library a copy of a rare version of Ecclesiastes of which only one other copy was known to exist ; the latter was in Rome, and, as Cardinal Pitra had told him, was not available for inspection.

On October 10 there came a telegram announcing the sudden death of the Bishop, an event that called forth from the whole Scottish Church an outburst of mingled grief and affection almost without parallel in her history. George Forbes never recovered from this stunning blow ; for he was bound to the Bishop by ties stronger than those of blood. 'Q' had been more than the beloved brother to whom he could speak and by whom he could be spoken to with the frankness that only a brother could understand. He was the Bishop through whose hands he had received the sacerdotal ministry, he had been his Father-in-God when Bishop Wordsworth, 'hindered by his conscience,' could not come to confirm his catechumens. Above all 'Q' had been the comrade who could share with him the thrills of discovery that lay hidden in liturgical manuscripts. And now the Bishop was gone, and he alone in Paris, debarred even from attendance at the last rites of the dead. He begged to be taken home ; but in his condition the long journey was out of the question. At last, after a fortnight in bed, he was allowed to go.

> During the homeward journey [writes the Comtesse de l'Espinasse] several times he alarmed me by speaking incoherently, and when we reached London he had no recollection of the sea passage. But I still tried to hope that all would be well when we reached Burntisland. We arrived on the Wednesday morning, November 3, travelling from London by night, and Mr. Forbes was delighted to see the parsonage again. That day he dozed a good deal in consequence of the fatigue of the journey. On Thursday and Friday he was able to see the printer and correct proofs, and

dictate a few imperative letters. On the Saturday he appeared weary, and after lunch he sank back in his armchair and soon was asleep. Mrs. Forbes, going out to see someone in the town, did not return until tea time, and then, seeing how drowsy her husband was, she thought it best to leave him to sleep off his fatigue. We had tea without awaking him, although she felt uneasy. Soon after she decided to go for the doctor, and when he came he looked so grave that we feared the worst. After examining him the doctor said that he would never wake again ; but Mr. Forbes' hour had not yet come. For, soon after the doctor had left, he awoke saying that he felt better. Mrs. Forbes quietly told him what the doctor had said, and he replied quite calmly, 'Then we will have prayers for the last time.' We knelt down, he remaining sitting in his armchair. Just after this was over, the postman brought some papers, relating to the will of his brother, to be signed, and Mr. Forbes' man was called in to witness the signature. 'How are you to-night, sir?' asked the man. 'Well,' said Mr. Forbes, 'they tell me I am worse, but I do not feel so bad.' He signed the document in his usual clear handwriting. But even this was an effort, and he sank back in his armchair exhausted. He was carried to his room and laid in bed. While Mrs. Forbes raised his head on the pillow to relieve his breathing he sank into unconsciousness.

On Sunday, November 7, 1875, he passed to his rest.

II

The people of Burntisland begged that their former Provost might be buried in their midst, but his relatives took the natural family view that his body should rest near his father and mother who all their lives had cared for their fragile son with such devotion.

On the day of the funeral every window in the burgh had its blinds drawn, the shops were all shut, and after the service in the schoolroom the whole population with bared heads followed the coffin, carried by the coast-

guardsmen, to the harbour. To the grief of the people for the man to whose teaching in the school their sons owed all that they had become, there seemed an added bitterness as the ferry-boat steamed away, carrying his body from them to the crowded Warriston Cemetery in Edinburgh.

III

There is little more to tell but a tale of destruction, and this shall be brief. Forbes believed that scholarship was a necessity for the Church and he provided, as far as it was within human power to do so, the means of ensuring that there should be in the Scottish Church one Scottish priest of 'learned leisure' devoted to study, who should act as the custodian of his library. In his will he left a sum of money for this purpose, imposing also on his librarian the duty of defending the Scottish Communion Office and of remembering him and his parents by name in prayer. Unfortunately Bishop Wordsworth could not accept the conditions of the bequest. The trustees, who were left with 'full discretion and power,' did their utmost to meet the Bishop's wishes, and the names are sufficient to prove the loyalty of their churchmanship as well as their integrity and good sense: the Earl of Glasgow; the Earl of Mar and Kellie; Lord Forbes; Lord Clinton; Lord Abercromby; William Forbes, Esq.; William F. Skene, Esq.; William Bruce, M.D.; and Professor James Lorimer. Yet, though the trustees had as their legal adviser the learned Dr. Skene, it was impossible to satisfy the demands and scruples of Bishop Wordsworth. A new congregation was started by the Bishop himself and the librarian appointed by the trustees was refused a licence. The parsonage had to be sold, and is now a tenement house accommodating a dozen families; the walls of the church were taken down, the baptistery was removed and its beautiful pillars and carved stones were used elsewhere in the erection of another chapel.

In Burntisland to-day there is not a visible sign of George Forbes' devoted ministry of twenty-seven years;

only the most observant can tell that the present drill hall with its Gothic windows was once a church school, and that the big house with stepped gables and rounded windows was once the abode of one of the most learned liturgists in Europe.

Forbes all his life believed that there could ' never be one lost good.' Whatever was in accord with the Divine will, he held, must ultimately triumph. And in the end, out of the blind and wanton destruction in Burntisland, which broke the heart of Mrs. Forbes and sent her to her grave a few years after her husband, good emerged. George Forbes' wishes are now carried out by his trustees with greater fidelity and security than even he himself could have expected. The Scottish Communion Office occupies the place in the Church's worship for which he fought in 1865. The Theological College of the Scottish Episcopal Church, as he long desired, has been removed from Glenalmond to Edinburgh, and there his library is cared for and valued as it never could have been in Burntisland. George Hay Forbes, I doubt not, is thankful to know that his name is now revered by generations of students as the ideal scholar who, in spite of almost insurmountable hardships, kept alive the flame of learning when in days of prejudice and ignorance few cared for its light. The trustees have ensured the fulfilment of his last and greatest desire, that ' As God has withheld from me the blessing of children, and as those of my near relations who have been kind to me have no need of my small fortune, I wish so to use it as to maintain a succession of clergy of the Scotch Episcopal Church who may devote themselves to theological study.'

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